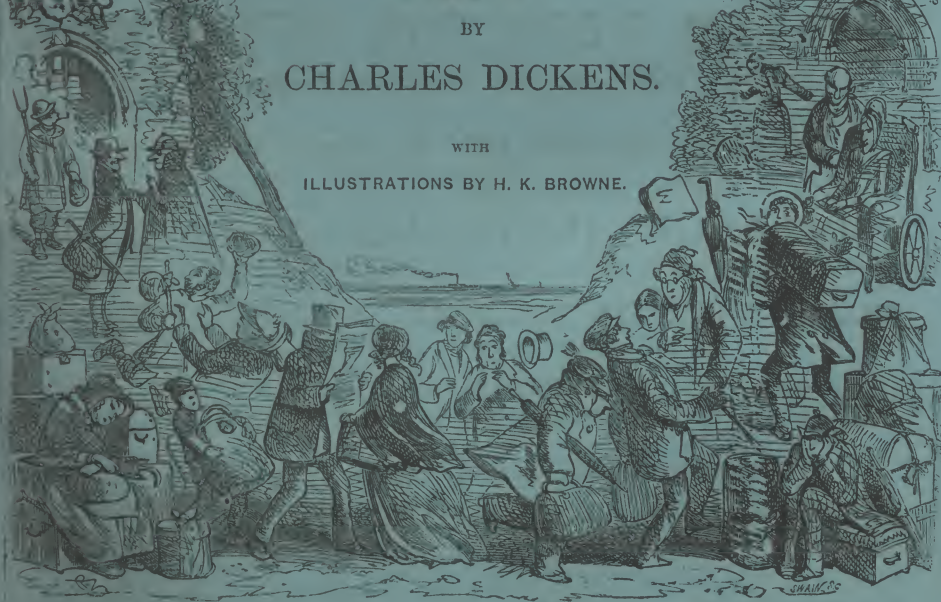




BY
CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH
ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. K. BROWNE.



LONDON. BRADBURY & EVANS, BOUVERIE STREET.

AGENTS: J. MENZIES, EDINBURGH; MURRAY AND SON, GLASGOW; J. M'GLASHAN, DUBLIN.

The Author reserves the right of Translation.

WATERPROOFS.

TO SPORTSMEN, TOURISTS, & TRAVELLERS.

EDMISTONS' POCKET SIPHONIA, OR WATERPROOF OVERCOAT.



SOLE Manufacturers of this celebrated Garment, remarkable for its lightness and softness of texture; easily folded to carry in the Pocket or on Saddle. The advantage of this Waterproofing consists in a new patent process, effectually resisting the heat of the sun and the most violent rains, and obviating the unpleasant smell common to all other Waterproofs. Price 40s.; all silk throughout, 45s. to 55s. Measurement: length of Coat, and size round the chest, over the Coat. Stout Siphonias, 21s. to 35s. Yacht Jackets, 18s. 6d. Overalls, 10s. 6d. Reversible Alpaca Coats, from 25s. to 33s. Waterproof Dust Coats, Tweed Capes and Sleeves, and ditto Ladies' Capes and Hoods, in great variety.

"WATERPROOFS.—The lightest and most effectual is the Siphonia, made by Edmiston & Son, of 69, Strand: they may be carried in the hat or pocket."—*Bell's Life*, April 20, 1851.

Knapsacks for Tourists, 18s. 6d.

WATER BEDS FOR INVALIDS,
£3 13s. 6d.; £5 5s. Od.; and £6 16s. 6d.

Inflated Hoops for Ladies' Dresses.

PORTABLE INDIA-RUBBER BOATS,

Suitable for Fishing and Shooting, in shallows at home or abroad, carried easily by one person.

MILITARY OUTFITS FOR HOME OR FOREIGN SERVICE

SUPPLIED ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE.

Camp Beds, Gloves, Ground Sheets, Folding Bedsteads, Over-land Trunks, Pack-Saddles, &c.

The attention of Officers is respectfully invited to the extensive assortment of

CAMP AND BARRACK FURNITURE.

Malagany Chest of Drawers, in Cases, £9 9s. Wash-stand and Fittings, in Oak Tub, £5 15s.

EDMISTON & SON, 69 and 416, STRAND.

LITTLE DORRIT ADVERTISER.**TRAVELLERS' AND MARINE
INSURANCE COMPANY.**

Incorporated by Act of Parliament. Capital, £250,000.

CHIEF OFFICES: 42 & 43, POULTRY, LONDON.**Trustees.**

The Right Honourable the EARL FITZWILLIAM, K.G.

MATTHEW MARSHALL, Esq. | Sir CHARLES FOX. | WILLIAM SMEE, F.R.S.

EDWARD SOLLY, F.R.S., MANAGING DIRECTOR.

FOR INSURING**AGAINST ACCIDENTS OF EVERY KIND;**

ACCIDENTS BY SEA AND LAND; OR

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS ONLY;

AND ALSO AGAINST

DISABLEMENT FROM LOSS OF HEALTH.

CLASS OF RISK.	Annual Premium.	Insurance in case of Death.	Weekly Allowance.
	£ s. d.	£	£ s. d.
* 1st.—The Public, Professional Men, Non-hazardous Lives, &c.....	} 2 0 0 0 10 0	1000 100	5 0 0 1 0 0
* 2nd.—Engineers and Persons engaged in Constructive Operations	} 2 0 0 0 12 0	500 100	2 0 0 0 10 0
From Railway only	0 10 0	1000	5 0 0
Loss of Health (age 21)	1 13 2	£100 a-year for Permanent Disablement. £1 a-week during Temporary Illness.	
Ditto ditto (age 20)	2 2 0		

To Traders, Commercial Gentlemen, and the Public generally, the first example will afford some idea of the moderate rate of Insurance against Accidents, whether fatal or not.

Carpenters, Builders, Bricklayers, Slaters, Plumbers, and all others engaged in Constructive operations, may be insured under the second example at a reasonable rate, which may be saved out of the weekly wages by means of the Savings' Bank; thus securing the amount required to meet the annual premium at a small sacrifice.

Forms of Proposal, Prospectuses, &c., may be had on application at the Chief Office, or of any of the Local Agents,

FRANCIS COBHAM, Registrar.

NO MORE PILLS NOR ANY OTHER MEDICINE,

FOR CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION (DYSPEPSIA), NERVOUS, BILIOUS, AND LIVER COMPLAINTS, COUGH, ASTHMA, CONSUMPTION, & DEBILITY.

DU BARRY'S DELICIOUS REVALENTA ARABICA FOOD



for infants and invalids generally, as it never turns acid on the weakest stomach, nor interferes with a good liberal diet, but imparts a healthy relish for lunch and dinner, and restores the faculty of digestion, and nervous and muscular energy to the enfeebled. Supported by testimonials from the celebrated Professors of Chemistry, Dr. Andrew Ure, Dr. Shorland, Dr. Harvey, Dr. Campbell, Dr. Gattiker, Dr. Wurzer, Dr. Ingram; Lord Stuart de Decies, the Dowager Countess of Castlestuart, Major-General Thomas King, and many other respectable persons, whose health had been restored by it after all other means of cure had failed.

IMPORTANT CAUTION against the fearful dangers of spurious imitations :
The Vice-Chancellor, Sir William Page Wood, granted an injunction on the 16th March, 1854, against Alfred Hooper Nevill, for imitating "Du Barry's Revalenta Arabica Food."

BARRY DU BARRY & CO., 77, REGENT STREET, LONDON.

A few out of 50,000 cures are here given:—

Cure No. 71, of dyspepsia, from the Right Hon. the LORD STUART DE DECIES.—"I have derived considerable benefit from 'Du Barry's Revalenta Arabica Food,' and consider it due to yourselves and the public to authorise the publication of these lines.

STUART DE DECIES."

Cure 52,612.—Rosstrevor, County of Down, Ireland, 9 December, 1854.

"The DOWAGER COUNTESS OF CASTLESTUART feels induced, in the interest of suffering humanity, to state that Du Barry's excellent Revalenta Arabica Food has cured her, after all Medicines had failed, of Indigestion, bile, great nervousness and irritability of many years' standing. This Food deserves the confidence of all sufferers, and may be considered a real blessing. Enquiries will be cheerfully answered."

Cure 41,617.

"Winchester, Dec. 3, 1847.
"Gentlemen,—I am happy to be able to inform you that the person for whom your Revalenta was procured has derived very great benefit from its use; distressing symptoms of dropsy, dyspepsia, and constipation of long standing have been removed, and a feeling of restored health induced. Having witnessed the beneficial effects in the above-mentioned case, I can with confidence recommend it, and shall have much pleasure in doing so whenever an opportunity offers, &c. &c.

JAMES SHORLAND, late Surgeon 96th Regiment."

Cure No. 49,832.—"Fifty years' indescribable agony from dyspepsia, nervousness, asthma, cough, constipation, flatulency, spasms, sickness at the stomach and vomiting, have been removed by Du Barry's excellent food.

MARIA JOLLY, Wortham Ling, near Diss, Norfolk."

Cure No. 47,121.—Miss Elizabeth Jacobs, of Nazing Vicarage, Walthamcross, Herts; a cure of extreme nervousness, indigestion, gatherings, low spirits, and nervous fancies.

SAVES fifty times its cost in other medicine,

and cures the above complaints and their consequences, such as:—Flatulency, distension, acidity, heartburn, palpitation of the heart, nervous headaches, hysteria, neuralgia, deafness, noise in the head and ears, pains at the pit of the stomach and between the shoulders, erysipelas, eruptions of the skin, impurities and poverty of the blood, scrofula, cough, asthma, consumption, dropsy, rheumatism, gout, nausea and sickness during pregnancy, spleen, general debility, inquietude, spasms, epileptic fits, involuntary blushing, paralysis, tremors, dislike to society, unfitness for study, loss of memory, delusions, vertigo, blood to the head, exhaustion, melancholy, groundless fear, indecision, wretchedness. It is, moreover, the best food on the weakest stomach, nor interferes with a good liberal diet, but restores the faculty of digestion, and nervous and muscular energy to the enfeebled. Supported by testimonials from the celebrated Professors of Chemistry, Dr. Andrew Ure, Dr. Shorland, Dr. Harvey, Dr. Campbell, Dr. Gattiker, Dr. Wurzer, Dr. Ingram; Lord Stuart de Decies, the Dowager Countess of Castlestuart, Major-General Thomas King, and many other respectable persons, whose health had been restored by it after all other means of cure had failed.

Cure 52,422. "Bridgehouse, Frimley, April 3, 1854.

"Thirty-three years' diseased lungs, spitting of blood, liver derangement, deafness, singing in the ears, constipation, debility, shortness of breath, and cough, have been removed by your Revalenta Arabica. My lungs, liver, stomach, head, and ears, are all right, my hearing perfect, and my recovery is a marvel to all my acquaintances.

JAMES ROBERTS, Wood Merchant."

Cure No. 180.—"Twenty-five years' nervousness, constipation, indigestion, and debility, from which I have suffered great misery, and which no medicine could remove or relieve, have been effectually cured by Du Barry's Food in a short time.

W. R. REKVES, 181, Fleet-street, London."

No. 42,130.—Major-General King, cure of general debility and nervousness.

No. 32,814.—Captain Allen, recording the cure of a lady from epileptic fits.

No. 24,814.—The Rev. Thomas Minster, cure of five years' nervousness, with spasms and daily vomiting.

No. 37,403.—Samuel Laxton, Esq., a cure of two years' diarrhoea.

Mr. William Martin, a cure of eight years' daily vomiting.

Richard Willoughby, Esq., a cure of many years' biliousness.

From the Venerable ARCHDEACON OF ROSS.

No. 32,836.—"Three years' excessive nervousness, with pains in my neck and left arm, and general debility which rendered my life very miserable, has been radically removed by Du Barry's health-restoring Food.

ALEX. STUART, Archdeacon of Ross, Skibbereen."

Suitably packed for all climates, and with full instructions. In canisters, 1 lb., 2s. 9d.; 2 lb., 4s. 6d.; 5 lb., 11s.; 12 lb., 22s.; Super-refined quality, 1 lb., 6s.; 2 lb., 11s.; 5 lb., 22s.; 10 lb., 33s. The 10 lb. and 12 lb. canisters are forwarded carriage free on receipt of post-office order. BARRY DU BARRY & CO., 77, Regent-street, London: FORTNUM, MASON, & Co., Purveyors to Her Majesty, 182, Piccadilly; also at 60, Gracechurch-street, 330, Strand, 63 and 150, Oxford street.

T. A. SIMPSON & Co.

(T. A. SIMPSON, FROM HOWELL, JAMES & CO.),

154, REGENT STREET,

(CORNER OF BEAK STREET,) LONDON,

AND

34, RUE DE RIVOLI, PARIS.

WEDDING AND BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.

THIS Establishment is allowed to possess the largest and choicest assortment of English and Foreign Fancy Goods, both valuable and inexpensive, consisting of Jewellery of every description, Watches, Clocks, Bronzes, Opera Glasses, Fans, Dressing and Writing Cases, Despatch Boxes, Work Tables, Caddies, Desks, Work Boxes, Reticules, Ladies' Bags, Travelling Bags, Blotting and Envelope Cases, and every description of Fancy Leather and Cabinet Goods, Pearl, Tortoiseshell, Papier Mâché, &c.; and every variety of Parisian and Foreign Novelties, admirably adapted for presentation. From the long experience of T. A. SIMPSON & Co. in the wholesale trade, apart from this Establishment, and their resources on the Continent and elsewhere, they are enabled to present to their patrons every novelty as soon as produced, of the best workmanship, combined with moderate prices, which can only be effected in such cases. T. A. SIMPSON & Co.'s reputation for taste and style in their selection is too well known to require further comment. T. A. SIMPSON & Co. beg to invite particular attention to their large Stock of

FRENCH CLOCKS UNDER SHADES, from £2 2s. each,

ALSO

LIBRARY, DINING, AND DRAWING-ROOM CLOCKS,

Of the newest designs, varying to £50 each.

T. A. SIMPSON & CO.'S

THREE-GUINEA LADIES' ROSEWOOD DRESSING CASES,

With Jewel Drawer and solid silver-top Bottles; also complete silver-fitted Ladies' and Gentlemen's Dressing Cases at equally moderate prices. These are all their own manufacture, and highly recommended.

T. A. SIMPSON & CO.'S

FOUR-GUINEA GOLD WATCHES,

Four Holes Jewelled, Horizontal Escapement, Warranted. Silver ditto, £2 10s. English Watches in Gold Cases, from £10 to £30, and in Silver Cases, from £5 to £10.

SOLID GOLD GUARD AND ALBERT CHAINS,

And every description of Jewellery, of the most modern designs.

T. A. SIMPSON & CO.'S

ORNAMENTS FOR THE WRITING TABLE,

In Walnut and other Woods, Papier Mâché, and Fancy Leather, in large variety.

So choice and beautiful an assortment, within the reach of all classes, is not to be equalled.

Every article marked in plain figures, from which no reduction can be made.

T. A. SIMPSON & Co. (late Futvoye & Co.),

154, REGENT STREET (CORNER OF BEAK STREET), LONDON,

AND

34, RUE DE RIVOLI, PARIS.

Just published, price 9s., handsomely bound in Cloth, The First Volume of THE
POPULAR HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

AN ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF SOCIETY AND GOVERNMENT FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD TO OUR OWN TIMES.

By CHARLES KNIGHT.

ILLUSTRATED WITH EIGHT STEEL ENGRAVINGS AND NUMEROUS WOODCUTS.

Also, price One Shilling, Part X., being the Second Part of the Second Volume.

In course of publication, and Illustrated with more than Five Thousand Wood Engravings,
THE ENGLISH CYCLOPÆDIA,
 CONDUCTED BY CHARLES KNIGHT.

Based upon "THE PENNY CYCLOPÆDIA OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE," will be complete in Four Divisions; each having its own alphabetical arrangement, and each forming Four Distinct Volumes:—

GEOGRAPHY (Complete) 4 Vols.
 NATURAL HISTORY (Complete)... 4 Vols.

BIOGRAPHY, &c. (Publishing) ... 4 Vols.
 SCIENCES AND ARTS 4 Vols.

A Number of the English Cyclopædia is published Weekly, price 6d.; and a Part, price 2s., on the First of every Month.

Also now ready, Vols. I. and II., price 10s. each, the

BIOGRAPHICAL DIVISION.

This, the Third Division of the "ENGLISH CYCLOPÆDIA," conducted by CHARLES KNIGHT, will form the most complete Biographical Dictionary extant, possessing the new and most important feature,—in addition to presenting a large amount of information connected with the History of Distinguished Men of Ancient and Modern Times,—of giving notices of *Living Persons English and Foreign, of contemporary celebrity.*

This day is published, price 6s.,

MISCELLANIES.—VOL. III.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

CONTENTS: THE MEMOIRS OF BARRY LYNDON.—A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.—REBECCA AND ROWENA.—A LITTLE DINNER AT TIMMINS'S.—THE BEDFORD-ROW CONSPIRACY.

VOLUMES I. and II. are already published, bound in cloth, price 6s. each, and contain—BALLADS.—BOOK OF SNOBS.—TREMENDOUS ADVENTURES OF MAJOR GAHAGAN.—FATAL BOOTS and COX'S DIARY.—YELLOWPLUSH MEMOIRS and JEAMES'S DIARY.—SKETCHES AND TRAVELS IN LONDON.—NOVELS BY EMINENT HANDS, and CHARACTER SKETCHES. All these are also published separately, in paper covers, at various prices.

DR. LINDLEY'S BOTANICAL WORKS.

THE VEGETABLE KINGDOM; or the Structure, Classification, and Uses of Plants. By Dr. LINDLEY. Illustrated upon the Natural System. 8vo, cloth, with 500 Illustrations. Price 36s.

THE ELEMENTS OF BOTANY, Structural and Physiological. By Dr. LINDLEY. With a Glossary of Technical Terms. 8vo, cloth, with Numerous Illustrations. Price 12s.
 ** The Glossary may be had separately, price 5s., cloth.

MEDICAL AND ŒCONOMICAL BOTANY. By Dr. LINDLEY. With Numerous Illustrations. A New Edition, 8vo, cloth. Price 7s. 6d.

SCHOOL BOTANY; or the Rudiments of Botanical Science. By Dr. LINDLEY. With 400 Illustrations. 8vo, half-bound. Price 5s. 6d.

BRADBURY AND EVANS, 11, BOUVERIE STREET.

"Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—SHAKSPEARE.

Part 78, price 9d., for September, of

HOUSEHOLD WORDS,

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS,

CONTAINS

MY BLACK MIRROR.
THE ORSONS OF EAST AFRICA.
SIGNALS AND ENGINE-DRIVERS.
MY JOURNAL.
TAXES.
SIR CARIBERT OF THE LEAF.
THE NORTH AGAINST THE SOUTH.
TO THINK OR BE THOUGHT FOR.
MR. SPECKLES ON HIMSELF.
FLY LEAVES.
SIX YEARS IN A CELL.
PERFECTLY CONTENTED.
FROM PARIS TO CHELMSFORD.

DOWN AT RED GRANGE.
SODEN.
LOVE OF BEAUTY.
ROYAL TREASURES.
OUR POISONOUS WILD FLOWERS.
HOW WE LOST OUR MINISTER.
SEA-GARDENS.
DICK DALLINGTON. CHAPTERS I. AND II.
AN AUTUMN SHADOW.
AGRICULTURAL MACHINERY.
QUIET PEOPLE.
ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.
A FLAT WALK.

Also recently published, price 5s. 6d. cloth,

THE THIRTEENTH VOLUME OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

*The Numbers, Parts, and Volumes of "HOUSEHOLD WORDS" are always on sale,
and may be had through any Bookseller, or at the*

OFFICE, 16, WELLINGTON STREET NORTH, STRAND, LONDON.

POPULAR ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF FORSTER'S "GOLDSMITH."

In Crown 8vo, price 7s. 6d., with 40 Woodcuts, after Designs by STANFIELD, MACLISE,
LEECH, DOYLE, and HAMERTON,

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

By JOHN FORSTER,

Barrister-at-Law. Author of "Lives of Statesmen of the Commonwealth."

* * A Library Edition of the same Work is also published, in Two Volumes, 8vo, uniform with
"Murray's British Classics," price 25s.

BRADBURY AND EVANS, 11, BOUVÉRIE STREET, FLEET STREET.

KIRBY AND SPENCE'S ENTOMOLOGY.

THIRD THOUSAND OF THE SEVENTH AND CHEAPER EDITION.

Just published, in one closely-printed volume of 600 pages, crown 8vo, price 5s. cloth,

INTRODUCTION TO ENTOMOLOGY;

OR, ELEMENTS OF THE NATURAL HISTORY OF INSECTS.

Comprising an Account of Noxious and Useful Insects; of their Metamorphoses, Food, Stratagems, Societies, Motions, Hybernation, Instinct, &c.

By WILLIAM KIRBY, M.A., F.R.S., F.L.S., Rector of Barham; and
WILLIAM SPENCE, Esq., F.R.S., F.L.S.

SEVENTH EDITION (third thousand), with an Appendix relative to the Origin and Progress of the Work.

"No work in the English language, we believe, has done more than Kirby and Spence's learned and popular 'Introduction' to spread the taste for Natural History at home, and to extend for it the sphere of observation, from the more conspicuous but limited field which the Vertebrata afford, to the countless species and more varied history, transformations, and instincts of the Annulata, and thence indirectly to all the lower forms of animal life. Nor has its popularity been limited to one tongue or country; but either through the medium of translations, or by the obvious influence which it has exercised, ever since, over the most esteemed elementary books in other European languages, the influence given has been propagated extensively in a widening circle. In noticing this new edition, however, it is with home readers we have to do, and especially with the young, who enjoy a privilege that we of a former generation were debarred from, in being early admitted to fields of instruction and delight, which some time were strictly fenced off from the narrow pen-fold of

'general education.' The book is, indeed, a marvel of cheapness, considerably more than 600 closely-printed octavo pages for five shillings. . . . To our readers, old and young—parents, children, teachers, respectively,—we say, 'buy and read; 'enjoy, verify, and enlarge, by the use of your own eyes and faculties, the curious details in rural economy, animal biography, and mental philosophy, amassed with so much study and personal observation, and digested with equal taste and judgment by the learned authors, indissolubly associated in fame and remembrance, as they were in life-long friendship, though now for a little while separated by a temporal change. To the survivor of the two we owe a very charming addition to the volume, in the shape of letters and recollections connected with the first conception and progress of the work, and the cordial friendship which, having originated and matured the undertaking, so long survived its completion and participated its success.'—*Natural History Review*, July 1856, p. 51.

LONDON: LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, LONGMANS, AND ROBERTS.

Politics, Literature, Art, Life, and Manners of Our Time.

The Leader.

A POLITICAL AND LITERARY REVIEW.

Published EVERY SATURDAY in time for the Early Morning Mails, and sold by all News-Agents, or may be had direct from the Publisher. Price, Unstamped, Fivepence; Stamped, Sixpence.

LONDON: ALFRED EDMUND GALLOWAY, 352, STRAND.

THE GENTLEMEN'S REAL HEAD OF HAIR, OR INVISIBLE

PERUKE.—The principle upon which this Peruke is made is so superior to everything yet produced, that the Manufacturer invites the honour of a visit from the Sceptic and the Connoisseur, that one may be convinced, and the other gratified, by inspecting this and other novel and beautiful specimens of the Perruquian Art at the Establishment of the Sole Inventor, F. BROWNE, 47, FENCHURCH-STREET.

F. BROWNE'S INFALLIBLE MODE OF MEASURING THE HEAD.

	As dotted	Inches, Eighths.
Round the Head in manner of a fillet, leaving the Ears loose	1 to 1.	
From the Forehead over to the poll, as deep each way as required	As dotted 2 to 2.	
From one Temple to the other, across the rise of Crown of the Head to where the Hair grows	As marked 3 to 3.	

THE CHARGE FOR THIS UNIQUE HEAD OF HAIR ONLY £1 10s.



NEW DESCRIPTIVE DICTIONARY of the INDIAN ISLANDS.

This day is published, price 16s., demy 8vo, with Map,

A DESCRIPTIVE DICTIONARY OF THE INDIAN ISLANDS AND ADJACENT COUNTRIES.

BY JOHN CRAWFURD, F.R.S.

BRADBURY AND EVANS, 11, BOUVERIE STREET.

GOWLAND'S LOTION

For the Complexion.

TRAVELLERS and all persons exposed

to the weather at this variable season will immediately on the application of this celebrated Herbal Preparation, experience its extraordinary genial qualities. It produces and sustains

**GREAT PURITY, DELICACY, AND
VICACITY OF COMPLEXION,**

removes freckles, spots and pimples, and promotes healthy action and elasticity of the skin. Its soothing and restorative qualities in cases of relaxed or irritable state of the skin are unrivalled.

CAUTION.—Observe the name of the Proprietor, E. C. BOURNE, 19, LAMB'S CONDUIT STREET, engraved on the Government Stamp.

Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers. Price, half-pints, 2s. 9d.; Pints, 5s. 6d.; quarts, 8s. 6d.

A RESPIRATOR, to merit the name, and to be fitted for its important trust of favouring free and healthy respiration, while protecting the lungs, ought to be constructed with elaborate care, and be composed only of such metals as are the most perfect heat conductors. If it be true that any Medical Practitioners recommend as Respirators articles of non-conducting matter, as cork, charcoal, sponge, or cloth, or of badly-conducting metal, like perforated zinc, or pewter (plated or gilded), it can only be done from a want of reflection. The original instruments for which Mr. Jeffries introduced the name "Respirator," and which have given to it its wide-spread reputation, are procurable of the Agents, Chemists, and Instrument Makers throughout the kingdom. Wholesale Office, 25, Bucklersbury, London. Mr. JAMES E. PERCIVAL, Manager.



FASHIONABLE PARISIAN BONNETS.

IN THE BEST TASTE, BY
FIRST-RATE ARTISTES.

AND OF THE BEST AND NEWEST MATERIALS.—EXCELLENCE WITH ECONOMY.

BONNETS FOR THE SEASON, at 21s.	BRIDES' BONNETS 21s.
GLACE ditto 16s. 6d.	BRIDESMAIDS' ditto 12s. 6d.
MOURNING ditto 14s. 6d.	

The Caspiato packs in a box 2 inches deep, it is made of all materials, and fully trimmed.—Price as above.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR SELF-MEASUREMENT SENT POST-FREE.

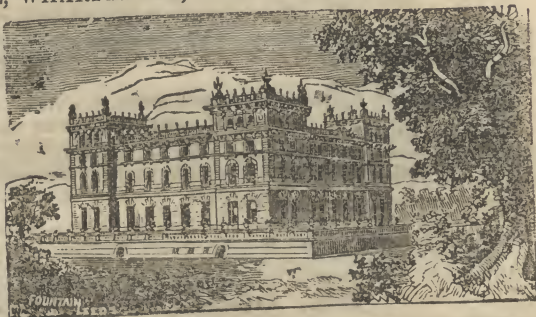
A great variety on view at the Show Rooms of the Patentees,

J. & E. SMITH, 151, REGENT STREET,
OPPOSITE BEAK STREET, LONDON.

ILKLEY WELLS HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT AND HOTEL, WHARFEDALE, YORKSHIRE.

Physician, Dr. RISCHANEK.

DURING the past four or five months that this splendid Establishment has been open for company, it has been visited by large and increasing numbers of patients and visitors. In architectural design and effect, in convenience of arrangements, in extent and comforts of accommodation, in beauty of scenery, in salubrity of air and purity of water, it has been pronounced to be unrivalled by any establishment of its kind in Europe. Every care will be taken to render the House thoroughly warm and comfortable in winter, a season often particularly favourable to the water cure; and when the invalid or valetudinarian will find this place a most desirable resort. The attention of invalids is particularly directed to the fact that Hydropathy may then be practised with safety, comfort, and advantage; and with such care and appliances as this Establishment affords. Those who visit or remain at Ilkley Wells during the winter, may be assured of finding it a comfortable and agreeable home. Distant from Leeds 16 miles, from Bradford 14 miles, from Skipton 9 miles. For prospectuses (containing a view of the Establishment), address the Manager, Mr. STRACHAN, ILKLEY WELLS, near OTLEY.



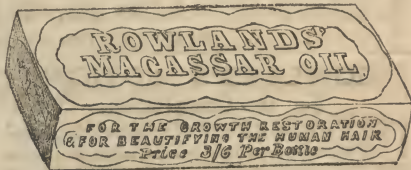
THE SUCCESSFUL RESULTS of the last HALF CENTURY have proved beyond question that

ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL

possesses peculiarly nourishing powers in the Growth, Restoration, and Improvement of the Human Hair. In the Growth of the BEARD, WHISKERS, and MUSTACHIOS, it is unfailing in its stimulative operation. For Children it is especially recommended, as forming the basis of a beautiful head of hair. Price 3s. 6d.; 7s.; Family Bottles (equal to four small), 10s. 6d.; and double that size, 21s.

IMPORTANT CAUTION.

To prevent the substitution of *Spurious Imitations* for the genuine article by unprincipled Shopkeepers, a New Label from Steel, by Messrs. Perkins, Bacon, and Co., is now used, which cannot be forged. The subjoined is a small copy in outline of a portion of the Label, as it appears round the bottle.



Another portion contains the Signature of the Proprietors, in red ink,

"A. ROWLAND & SONS,"

The whole, with the exception of the profile of Her Majesty the Queen, being covered with a lace work pattern in transparent colourless ink. Sold at 20, HATTON GARDEN, London, and by Chemists and Perfumers.

ALLEN'S PATENT RAILWAY PORTMANTEAU

Has four compartments, which are at once accessible. The advantage of placing each article in its place renders this Portmanteau the most complete article yet invented.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES, including 150 other Articles suitable for Travelling, forwarded upon receipt of two stamps.

J. W. & T. ALLEN, MANUFACTURERS,
18 & 22, WEST STRAND.

Under Royal



Patronage.

PERFECT FREEDOM FROM COUGHS IN TEN MINUTES,
AND INSTANT RELIEF AND A RAPID CURE OF
**ASTHMA, AND CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, COLDS, AND ALL DISORDERS OF THE
BREATH AND LUNGS, ARE INSURED BY**



The truly wonderful powers of this remedy have called forth testimonials from all ranks of society, in all quarters of the world.

ANOTHER CURE OF A THIRTY-NINE YEARS' ASTHMA.

Sir,—I have suffered more than I can describe from the effects of an Asthma, which has for years rendered my days irksome and my nights sleepless. It was brought on by cold, while accompanying the retreat of Sir John Moore. I have had the ablest advice, but nothing has given me one-tenth part of the benefit which your Dr. Locock's Wafers have.

17, Church Lane, Hull.

Witness, Mr. J. C. Reinhardt, Chemist, Market-place, Hull.

(Signed) WALTER ERRINGTON,
Late Grenadier Guards.

CURES OF CONSUMPTION IN NEWCASTLE.

Gentlemen,—I can myself speak of your Wafers with the greatest confidence, having recommended them in many cases of pulmonary consumption, and they have always afforded relief when every thing else has failed, and the patients having been surfeited with medicine, are delighted to meet with so efficient a remedy, having such an agreeable taste.

13, Moseley Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

The particulars of many hundreds of Cures may be had from every Agent throughout the kingdom.

TO SINGERS and PUBLIC SPEAKERS they are invaluable, as in a few hours they remove all hoarseness, and wonderfully increase the power and flexibility of the voice.

THEY HAVE A PLEASANT TASTE. Price 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 11s. per box. Sold by all Medicine Vendors.

DR. LOCOCK'S COSMETIC,

A delightfully fragrant preparation, for IMPROVING and BEAUTIFYING THE COMPLEXION, rendering the Skin clear, soft, and transparent, removing all ERUPTIONS, FRECKLES, SUNBURN, TAN, PIMPLES, and ROUGHNESS—CURING Gnat-BITES and the STINGS of INSECTS. In the process of Shaving, it allays all smarting, and renders the skin soft and smooth. Sold in bottles, at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. each. Beware of counterfeits. Observe the words, "Dr. Locock's Cosmetic," on the Government Stamp outside the Wrapper. Sold by all respectable Chemists. Wholesale Warehouse, 26, BRIDE LANE, LONDON.

THE BEST FOOD FOR CHILDREN, INVALIDS, AND OTHERS.

ROBINSON'S PATENT BARLEY,

For making superior **BARLEY WATER** in Fifteen minutes, has not only obtained the patronage of Her Majesty and the Royal Family, but has become of general use to every class of the community, and is acknowledged to stand unrivalled as an eminently pure, nutritious, and light food for Infants and Invalids; much approved for making a delicious Custard Pudding, and excellent for thickening Broths or Soups.

ROBINSON'S PATENT GROATS

For more than thirty years have been held in constant and increasing public estimation as the purest farinae of the oat, and as the best and most valuable preparation for making a pure and delicate **GRUEL**, which forms a light and nutritious supper for the aged, is a popular recipe for colds and influenza, is of general use in the sick-chamber, and alternately with the Patent Barley, is an excellent food for Infants and Children.

Prepared only by the Patentees,

ROBINSON, BELLVILLE, AND CO.,

PURVEYORS TO THE QUEEN,

64, RED LION STREET, HOLBORN, LONDON.

Sold by all respectable Grocers, Druggists, and others in Town and Country, in Packets of 6d. and 1s.; and Family Canisters, at 2s., 5s., and 10s. each.

PRIZE MEDAL EXHIBITION OF
ALL NATIONS—LONDON, 1851.



TRELOAR'S

COCOA NUT FIBRE

MANUFACTURES CONSIST OF

MATTING	MATTRESSES
DOOR MATS	CUSHIONS
HEARTH RUGS	HASSOCKS
BRUSHES	NETTING

AND OTHER ARTICLES

Which are distinguished for *superiority and excellence* of workmanship, combined with *moderate charges*.

Catalogues with prices and full particulars free by post on application at the

WAREHOUSE 42 LUDGATE HILL LONDON

PRIZE MEDAL EXHIBITION OF
ALL NATIONS—PARIS, 1855.

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.

AFFECTIONS OF THE LUNGS are the prevailing Diseases of the English climate, and the thousands who are now suffering from Asthma, Coughs, Incipient Consumption, and other Pulmonary Maladies, would at once be relieved, and by perseverance entirely cured, by adopting "**KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES**," which are perfectly free from all deleterious ingredients, and during the fifty years of their uninterrupted celebrity, have never been known to fail.

Prepared and sold in boxes, 1s. 1½d., and Tins, 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 10s. 6d. each, by **THOMAS KEATING**, Chemist, &c., 79, St. Paul's Churchyard, London. Retail by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Vendors in the World.

N.B.—To prevent spurious imitation, please to observe that the words "**KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES**" are engraven on the Government Stamp of each Box, without which none are genuine.

BANK OF DEPOSIT,

No. 3, Pall Mall East, London.

ESTABLISHED A.D. 1844.

PARTIES desirous of Investing Money are requested to examine the plan of the **BANK OF DEPOSIT.** Prospectuses and Forms for opening accounts *sent free* on application.

PETER MORRISON, Managing Director.

THE LOSS OF HAIR.

ONE of the most annoying proofs of the inroads of ruthless time, has been most successfully supplied by **OLDRIDGE'S BALM OF COLUMBIA**, which has been no less remarkable than important in thousands who have experienced its powerful effects in encouraging or reproducing a fine growth of hair. Oldridge's Balm produces a beautiful curl, frees the hair from scurf, and the first application stops the falling off. 3s. 6d., 6s., and 11s. per bottle; no other prices are genuine.—13, Wellington Street North, Strand.



SLACK'S NICKEL SILVER

Is the hardest and most perfect White Metal ever invented: and equals Silver in durability and colour. Made into every article for the table, as **TEA AND COFFEE POIS, CRUET FRAMES, CANDLESTICKS, WAITERS, &c.**

A Sample Tea Spoon forwarded on receipt of Ten Stamps.

	Fiddle Pattern.	Strongest Thread.	King's Pattern.
Table Spoons & Forks per doz.	12s. & 15s.	19s.	28s.
Dessert ditto	10s. & 13s.	16s.	21s.
Tea Spoons.....	5s. & 6s.	8s.	11s.

SLACK'S NICKEL ELECTRO-PLATED

Is a coating of pure Silver over Nickel; a combination of two metals possessing such valuable properties renders it in appearance and wear equal to Sterling Silver.

	Fiddle Pattern.	Thread.	King's.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Table Forks, per dozen	1 10 0	2 0 0	2 16 0
Dessert ditto	1 0 0	1 10 0	2 0 0
Table Spoons	1 10 0	2 0 0	2 18 0
Dessert ditto	1 0 0	1 10 0	2 2 0
Tea Spoons	0 12 0	0 18 0	1 5 6

ALSO EVERY ARTICLE FOR THE TABLE.

A Sample Tea Spoon forwarded on receipt of Twenty Stamps.

SLACK'S TABLE CUTLERY AND FURNISHING IRONMONGERY

HAS BEEN CELEBRATED FOR NEARLY FIFTY YEARS FOR QUALITY AND CHEAPNESS.

As the limits of an advertisement will not allow a detailed List, Purchasers are requested to send for their Catalogue, with 200 Drawings, and Prices of every requisite in Electro-Plate, Table Cutlery, Furnishing Ironmongery, &c. May be had gratis, or free by post.

ORDERS ABOVE £2 DELIVERED CARRIAGE FREE PER RAIL.

RICHARD & JOHN SLACK, 336, STRAND.
(Opposite Somerset House.)



HANDSOME BRONZED FENDERS, 10s. AND 12s. 6d. EACH.

THE SPONSALIA,

246, REGENT STREET

(OPPOSITE HANOVER CHAPEL).

JAY AND SMITH

HAVING organized a system of business which has given extreme satisfaction to the Patrons of their house, they invite public attention to the leading features in the plan, and to their explanatory outline of the Departments into which the business is divided.

THE VISITOR

To their Establishment is invited to an inspection of the various Manufactures exhibited for sale, but on no pretence whatever importuned to make a purchase.

SHOULD A PURCHASE BE MADE,

And an alteration of opinion take place, an exchange will with pleasure be made.

THE PRICES ARE MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES,

In order that the Purchaser may see there is but one uniform mode of making a charge.

SOMETHING NEW

For each of the Fancy Departments of their house, it is the great aim and endeavour of JAY & SMITH to obtain. If it be an article of but few shillings value, it must be new, lady-like, and different to the great mass of cheap materials which become a livery throughout the kingdom.

THE BEST FABRICS

For the Plain Departments of their house are secured by a reliance upon Manufacturers of established reputation. Chemical science and mechanical skill having given the same finish and appearance to worthless goods which were formerly the distinguishing features in meritorious fabrication, the judgment of a Buyer is effectually set at naught.

THE DEPARTMENTS

Are arranged under separate heads; and the energetic rivalry displayed by each manager is productive of the happiest results. Goods of the most beautiful kind, and in charming variety, are selected; and the desires of the Customer are responded to with the greatest attention.

THE MANTLE DEPARTMENT

Comprises every description of Mantle in Silk, Velvet, Cashmere, and Cloth; the great novelty being the Bernous à la Bedouin, introduced by JAY & SMITH.

THE MILLINERY DEPARTMENT

Comprises every description of Bonnets, Caps, Head Dresses, Hair Ornaments, and Artificial Flowers. A Foreign Artist in Flowers is employed on the premises.

THE DRESS DEPARTMENT

Comprises every description of made-up Skirt for Full Dress, Evening Dress, or the Promenade. A great novelty in Triumphant has been patented by JAY & SMITH, and will be ready in a few days.

THE LACE DEPARTMENT

Comprises every description of British and Foreign Lace, Muslin Works, and Cambric Handkerchiefs. Mantles, Jackets, Sleeves, Scarfs, and Squares in Lace and Muslin. The Spanish Mantilla is the great novelty.

THE OUTFITTING DEPARTMENT,

Which is under the management of a talented woman, comprises every description of underclothing for ladies, made up. Morning Wrappers, Dressing Gowns, &c. Sea Island Long Cloths and Calicoes have been made expressly for Jay and Smith. They rival the ancient cotton fabrics of India, and are a valuable addition to those exclusive and beautiful manufactures which they have collected with the view of rendering their house celebrated for the style in which they execute

WEDDING OUTFITS AND OUTFITS TO INDIA.

An Explanatory Book will be sent post-free on application.

THE BERNOUS A LA BEDOUIN.

AT the suggestion of many distinguished connoisseurs in Oriental Art, the India Shawl Manufacturers of Delhi and Decca have now been added to the magnificent variety of beautiful woollen materials which JAY & SMITH employ in the manufacture of their celebrated ARAB CLOAKS. The Models, brought from the East by a Noble Family, and kindly presented to JAY & SMITH for imitation, have been strictly adhered to; and it is to this circumstance that the great success of their introduction is attributable, for any diminution in size to create a low price effectually puts an end to that graceful and becoming character, which is acknowledged to be the distinguishing charm. An elegant appendage to the Bernous has been invented and patented by JAY & SMITH, under the title of LORICA MILITARIS, or the MILITARY FRONTLET, to be used with the Cloak or not, at pleasure, highly ornamental and extremely comfortable in cold weather. Illustrations of the three different modes of wearing the Bernous, also a book explanatory of the Outfitting and other Departments of the house, will be sent free on application. Velvet Mantles, Opera Cloaks, Cloth Cloaks, Millinery, Dresses, Lace, Muslin Works, and Flowers, have just been received from Paris in great variety.

JAY & SMITH, THE SPONSALIA, 246, REGENT STREET.

DR. DE JONGH'S LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL

Has now, in consequence of its marked superiority over every other variety, secured the confidence and almost universal preference of the most eminent Medical Practitioners in the treatment of

Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Gout, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Diabetes, Diseases of the Skin, Neuralgia, Rickets, Infantile Wasting, General Debility, and all Scrofulous Affections.

Its leading distinctive characteristics are:

COMPLETE PRESERVATION OF ACTIVE AND ESSENTIAL PRINCIPLES.

INVARIABLE PURITY AND UNIFORM STRENGTH.

ENTIRE FREEDOM FROM NAUSEOUS FLAVOUR AND AFTER-TASTE.

RAPID CURATIVE EFFECTS, AND CONSEQUENT ECONOMY.

FROM "THE LANCET."

"After a careful examination of the different kinds of Cod Liver Oil, Dr. De Jongh gives the preference to the Light-brown Oil over the Pale Oil, which contains scarcely any volatile fatty acid, a smaller quantity of iodine, phosphoric acid, and the elements of bile, and upon which ingredients the efficacy of Cod Liver Oil, no doubt, partly depends. Some of the deficiencies of the Pale Oil are attributable to the method of its preparation, and especially to its filtration through charcoal. IN THE PREFERENCE OF THE LIGHT-BROWN OVER THE PALE OIL WE FULLY CONCUR."

"WE HAVE CAREFULLY TESTED A SPECIMEN OF DR. DE JONGH'S LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL, OBTAINED FROM THE WHOLESALE AGENTS, MESSRS. ANSAR, HARFORD, AND CO., 77, STRAND. WE FIND IT TO BE GENUINE, AND RICH IN IODINE AND THE ELEMENTS OF BILE."

Sold only in IMPERIAL Half-pints, 2s. 6d.; Pints, 4s. 9d.; Quarts, 9s.; capsuled and labelled with Dr. De Jongh's stamp and signature, WITHOUT WHICH NONE ARE GENUINE, by ANSAR, HARFORD, and Co., sole British consignees, 77, Strand, London; and by many respectable Chemists and Druggists.

SANGSTER'S' SILK AND ALPACA UMBRELLAS, ON FOX'S PARAGON FRAMES.

IT is impossible to enumerate all the little contrivances that have helped to bring about increased longevity, such, for example, as the Umbrella, which was so much ridiculed on its first introduction, and is now such a universal friend. *Vide Times, January 11th, 1856.*

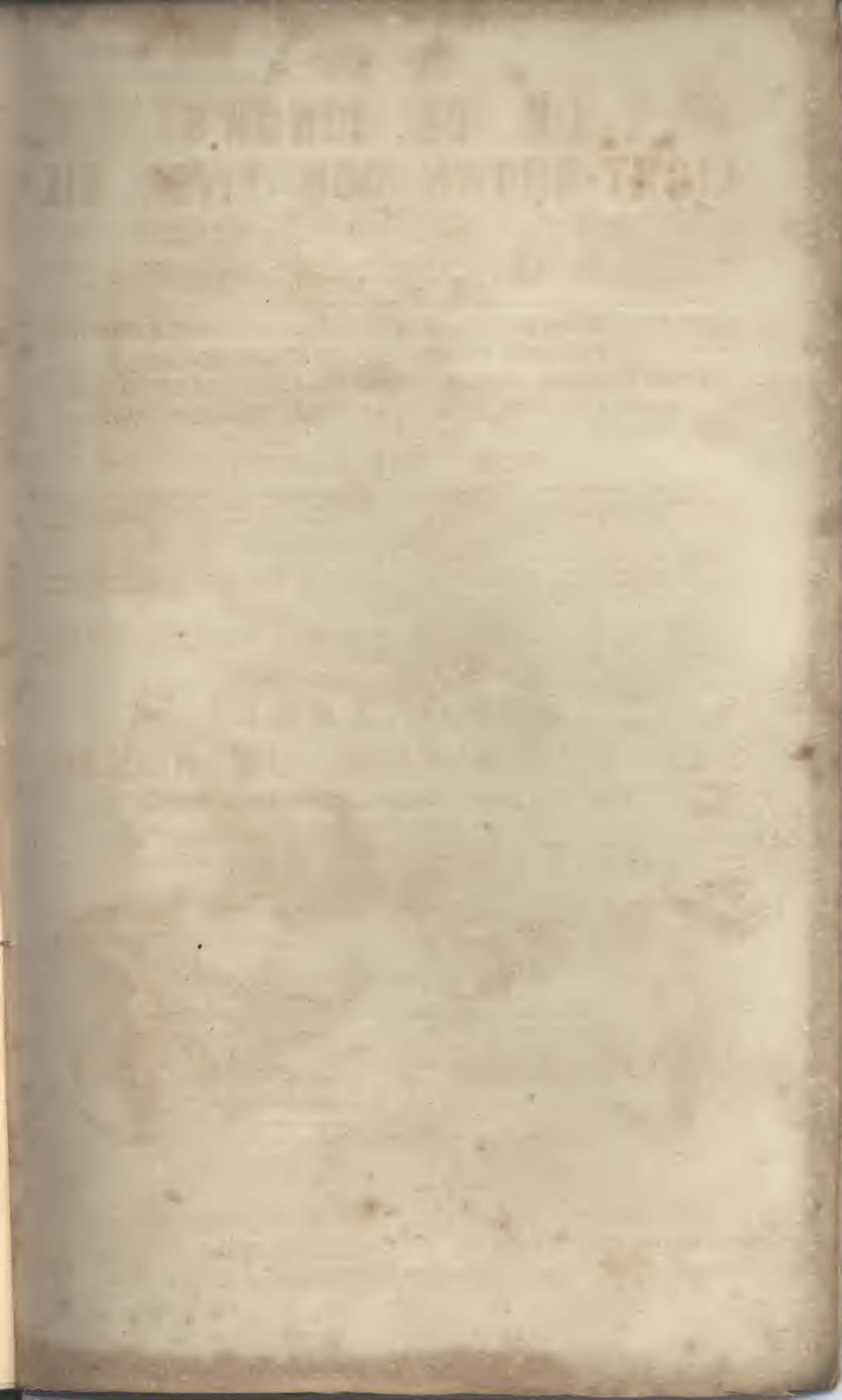
The advantages presented by the Umbrella over the various waterproof garments now admitted to be so injurious to the health of the wearer, are shown by the greatly increased demand for them, the consumption of Alpaca Umbrellas alone being now upwards of a quarter of a million annually.

From the experience of the last few years, W. & J. SANGSTER are so convinced of the superiority of the Paragon Frames, that they continue to repair, if necessary, without any charge, all that may be purchased at any of their Establishments, viz.



140, REGENT STREET; 10, ROYAL EXCHANGE;
94, FLEET STREET; 75, CHEAPSIDE.

SHIPPERS SUPPLIED.

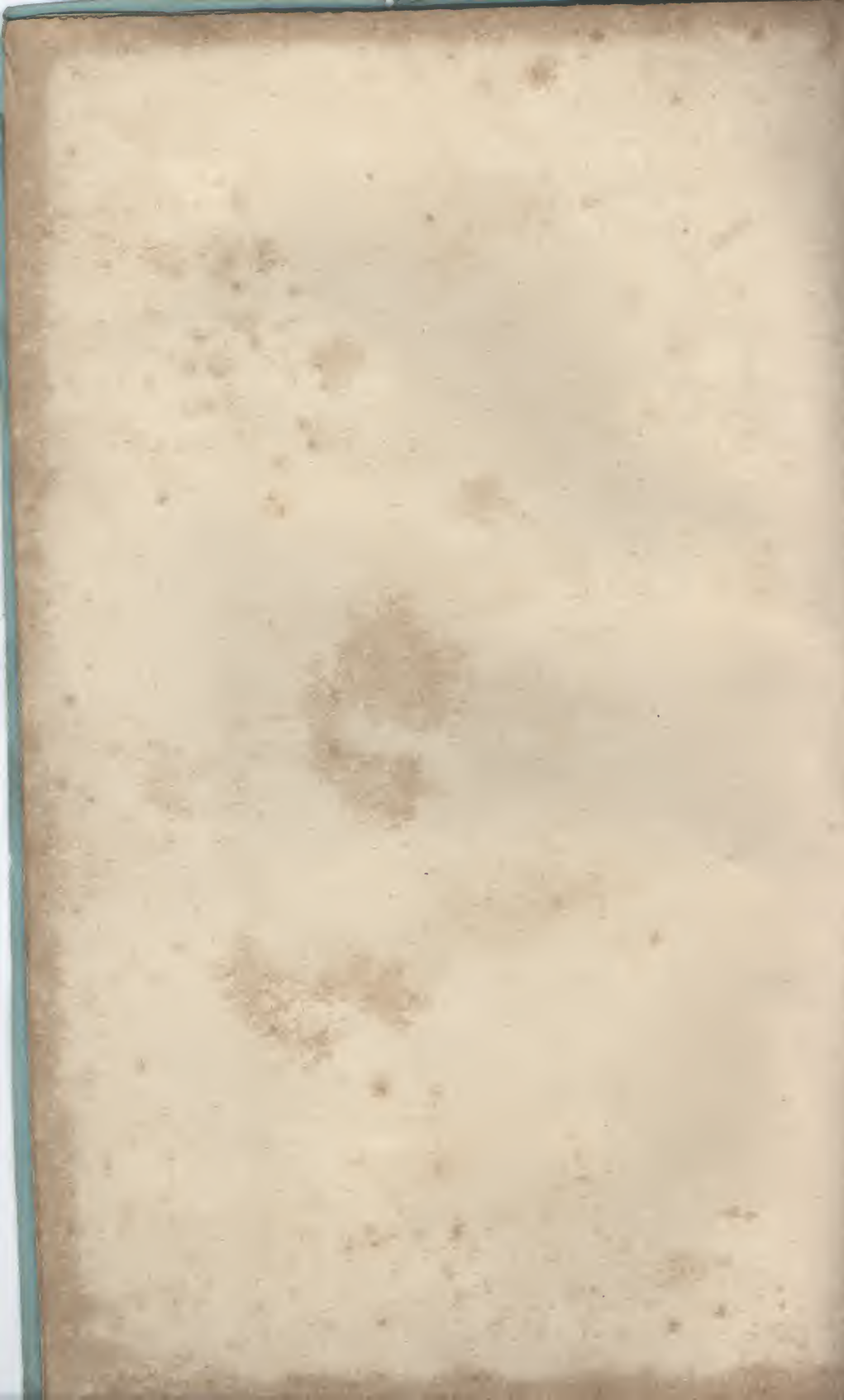




The Travellers



The family dignity is affronted.



BOOK THE SECOND.

RICHES.



CHAPTER I.

FELLOW TRAVELLERS.

IN the autumn of the year, Darkness and Night were creeping up to the highest ridges of the Alps.

It was vintage time in the valleys on the Swiss side of the Pass of the Great Saint Bernard, and along the banks of the Lake of Geneva. The air there was charged with the scent of gathered grapes. Baskets, troughs, and tubs of grapes, stood in the dim village doorways, stopped the steep and narrow village streets, and had been carrying all day along the roads and lanes. Grapes, spilt and crushed under foot, lay about everywhere. The child carried in a sling by the laden peasant-woman toiling home, was quieted with picked-up grapes; the idiot sunning his big *goître* under the eaves of the wooden chalet by the way to the waterfall, sat munching grapes; the breath of the cows and goats was redolent of leaves and stalks of grapes; the company in every little cabaret were eating, drinking, talking grapes. A pity that no ripe touch of this generous abundance could be given to the thin, hard, stoney wine, which after all was made from the grapes!

The air had been warm and transparent through the whole of the bright day. Shining metal spires and church-roofs, distant and rarely seen, had sparkled in the view; and the snowy mountain-tops had been so clear that unaccustomed eyes, cancelling the intervening country, and slighting their rugged height for something fabulous, would have measured them as within a few hours' easy reach. Mountain-peaks of great celebrity in the valleys, whence no trace of their existence was visible sometimes for months together, had been since morning plain and near in the blue sky. And now, when it was dark below, though they seemed solemnly to recede, like spectres who were going to vanish, as the red dye of the sunset faded out of them and left them coldly white, they were yet distinctly defined in their loneliness, above the mists and shadows.

Seen from those solitudes, and from the Pass of the Great Saint Bernard, which was one of them, the ascending Night came up the mountain like a rising water. When it at last rose to the walls of the convent of the Great Saint Bernard, it was as if that weather-beaten structure were another Ark, and floated away upon the shadowy waves.

Darkness, outstripping some visitors on mules, had risen thus to the rough convent walls, when those travellers were yet climbing the mountain. As the heat of the glowing day, when they had stopped to drink at the streams of melted ice and snow, was changed to the

searching cold of the frosty rarefied night air at a great height, so the fresh beauty of the lower journey had yielded to barrenness and desolation. A craggy track, up which the mules, in single file, scrambled and turned from block to block, as though they were ascending the broken staircase of a gigantic ruin, was their way now. No trees were to be seen, nor any vegetable growth, save a poor brown scrubby moss, freezing in the chinks of rock. Blackened skeleton arms of wood by the wayside pointed upward to the convent, as if the ghosts of former travellers overwhelmed by the snow, haunted the scene of their distress. Icicle-hung caves and cellars built for refuges from sudden storms, were like so many whispers of the perils of the place; never-resting wreaths and mazes of mist wandered about, hunted by a moaning wind; and snow, the besetting danger of the mountain, against which all its defences were taken, drifted sharply down.

The file of mules, jaded by their day's work, turned and wound slowly up the steep ascent; the foremost led by a guide on foot, in his broad-brimmed hat and round jacket, carrying a mountain staff or two upon his shoulder, with whom another guide conversed. There was no speaking among the string of riders. The sharp cold, the fatigue of the journey, and a new sensation of a catching in the breath, partly as if they had just emerged from very clear crisp water, and partly as if they had been sobbing, kept them silent.

At length, a light on the summit of the rocky staircase gleamed through the snow and mist. The guides called to the mules, the mules pricked up their drooping heads, the travellers' tongues were loosened, and in a sudden burst of slipping, climbing, jingling, clinking, and talking, they arrived at the convent door.

Other mules had arrived not long before, some with peasant-riders and some with goods, and had trodden the snow about the door into a pool of mud. Riding saddles and bridles, pack-saddles and strings of bells, mules and men, lanterns, torches, sacks, provender, barrels, cheeses, kegs of honey and butter, straw bundles and packages of many shapes, were crowded confusedly together in this thawed quagmire, and about the steps. Up here in the clouds, everything was seen through cloud, and seemed dissolving into cloud. The breath of the men was cloud, the breath of the mules was cloud, the lights were encircled by cloud, speakers close at hand were not seen for cloud, though their voices and all other sounds were surprisingly clear. Of the cloudy line of mules hastily tied to rings in the wall, one would bite another, or kick another, and then the whole mist would be disturbed: with men diving into it, and cries of men and beasts coming out of it, and no bystander discerning what was wrong. In the midst of this, the great stable of the convent, occupying the basement story, and entered by the basement door, outside which all the disorder was, poured forth its contribution of cloud, as if the whole rugged edifice were filled with nothing else, and would collapse as soon as it had emptied itself, leaving the snow to fall upon the bare mountain summit.

While all this noise and hurry were rife among the living travellers, there, too, silently assembled in a grated house, half a dozen paces removed, with the same cloud enfolding them, and the

same snow flakes drifting in upon them, were the dead travellers found upon the mountain. The mother, storm-belated many winters ago, still standing in the corner with her baby at her breast; the man who had frozen with his arm raised to his mouth in fear or hunger, still pressing it with his dry lips after years and years. An awful company, mysteriously come together! A wild destiny for that mother to have foreseen, "Surrounded by so many and such companions upon whom I never looked, and never shall look, I and my child will dwell together inseparable, on the Great Saint Bernard, outlasting generations who will come to see us, and will never know our name, or one word of our story but the end."

The living travellers thought little or nothing of the dead just then. They thought much more of alighting at the convent door, and warming themselves at the convent fire. Disengaged from the turmoil, which was already calming down as the crowd of mules began to be bestowed in the stable, they hurried shivering up the steps and into the building. There was a smell within, coming up from the floor of tethered beasts, like the smell of a menagerie of wild animals. There were strong arched galleries within, huge stone piers, great staircases, and thick walls pierced with small sunken windows—fortifications against the mountain storms, as if they had been human enemies. There were gloomy vaulted sleeping rooms within, intensely cold, but clean and hospitably prepared for guests. Finally, there was a parlor for guests to sit in and to sup in, where a table was already laid, and where a blazing fire shone red and high.

In this room, after having had their quarters for the night allotted to them by two young Fathers, the travellers presently drew round the hearth. They were in three parties; of whom the first, as the most numerous and important, was the slowest, and had been overtaken by one of the others on the way up. It consisted of an elderly lady, two grey-haired gentlemen, two young ladies, and their brother. These were attended (not to mention four guides), by a courier, two footmen, and two waiting-maids: which strong body of inconvenience was accommodated elsewhere under the same roof. The party that had overtaken them, and followed in their train, consisted of only three members: one lady and two gentlemen. The third party, which had ascended from the valley on the Italian side of the Pass, and had arrived first, were four in number: a plethoric, hungry, and silent German tutor in spectacles, on a tour with three young men, his pupils, all plethoric, hungry, and silent, and all in spectacles.

These three groupes sat round the fire eyeing each other dryly, and waiting for supper. Only one among them, one of the gentlemen belonging to the party of three, made advances towards conversation. Throwing out his lines for the Chief of the important tribe, while addressing himself to his own companions, he remarked, in a tone of voice which included all the company if they chose to be included, that it had been a long day, and that he felt for the ladies. That he feared one of the young ladies was not a strong or accustomed traveller, and had been over fatigued two or three hours ago. That he had observed, from his station in the rear, that she sat her mule as if she

were exhausted. That he had, twice or thrice afterwards, done himself the honor of enquiring of one of the guides, when he fell behind, how the young lady did. That he had been enchanted to learn that she had recovered her spirits, and that it had been but a passing discomfort. That he trusted (by this time he had secured the eyes of the Chief, and addressed him) he might be permitted to express his hope that she was now none the worse, and that she would not regret having made the journey.

"My daughter, I am obliged to you, sir," returned the Chief, "is quite restored, and has been greatly interested."

"New to mountains perhaps?" said the insinuating traveller.

"New to—ha—to mountains," said the Chief.

"But you are familiar with them, sir?" the insinuating traveller assumed.

"I am—hum—tolerably familiar. Not of late years. Not of late years," replied the Chief, with a flourish of his hand.

The insinuating traveller, acknowledging the flourish with an inclination of his head, passed from the Chief to the second young lady, who had not yet been referred to, otherwise than as one of the ladies in whose behalf he felt so sensitive an interest.

He hoped she was not incommoded by the fatigues of the day.

"Incommoded certainly," returned the young lady, "but not tired."

The insinuating traveller complimented her on the justice of the distinction. It was what he had meant to say. Every lady must doubtless be incommoded, by having to do with that proverbially unaccommodating animal, the mule.

"We have had, of course," said the young lady, who was rather reserved and haughty, "to leave the carriages and fourgon at Martigny. And the impossibility of bringing anything that one wants to this inaccessible place, and the necessity of leaving every comfort behind, is not convenient."

"A savage place, indeed," said the insinuating traveller.

The elderly lady, who was a model of accurate dressing, and whose manner was perfect, considered as a piece of machinery, here interposed a remark in a low soft voice.

"But, like other inconvenient places," she observed, "it must be seen. As a place much spoken of, it is necessary to see it."

"Oh! I have not the least objection to seeing it, I assure you, Mrs. General," returned the other, carelessly.

"You, madam," said the insinuating traveller, "have visited this spot before?"

"Yes," returned Mrs. General. "I have been here before. Let me recommend you, my dear," to the former young lady, "to shade your face from the hot wood, after exposure to the mountain air and snow. You too, my dear," to the other and younger lady, who immediately did so; while the former merely said, "Thank you, Mrs. General, I am perfectly comfortable, and prefer remaining as I am."

The brother, who had left his chair to open a piano that stood in the room, and who had whistled into it and shut it up again, now came strolling back to the fire with his glass in his eye. He was dressed in

the very fullest and completest travelling trim. The world seemed hardly large enough to yield him an amount of travel proportionate to his equipment.

"These fellows are an immense time with supper," he drawled. "I wonder what they'll give us! Has anybody any idea?"

"Not roast man I believe," replied the voice of the second gentleman of the party of three.

"I suppose not. What d'ye mean?" he enquired.

"That, as you are not to be served for the general supper, perhaps you will do us the favor of not cooking yourself at the general fire," returned the other.

The young gentleman, who was standing in an easy attitude on the hearth, cocking his glass at the company, with his back to the blaze and his coat tucked under his arms, something as if he were of the poultry species and were trussed for roasting, lost countenance at this reply; he seemed about to demand further explanation, when it was discovered—through all eyes turning on the speaker—that the lady with him, who was young and beautiful, had not heard what had passed, through having fainted with her head upon his shoulder.

"I think," said the gentleman in a subdued tone, "I had best carry her straight to her room. Will you call to some one to bring a light?" addressing his companion, "and to shew the way? In this strange rambling place I don't know that I could find it."

"Pray let me call my maid," cried the taller of the young ladies.

"Pray let me put this water to her lips," said the shorter, who had not spoken yet.

Each doing what she suggested, there was no want of assistance. Indeed, when the two maids came in (escorted by the courier, lest any one should strike them dumb by addressing a foreign language to them on the road), there was a prospect of too much assistance. Seeing this, and saying as much in a few words to the slighter and younger of the two ladies, the gentleman put his wife's arm over his shoulder, lifted her up, and carried her away.

His friend, being left alone with the other visitors, walked slowly up and down the room, without coming to the fire again, pulling his black moustache in a contemplative manner, as if he felt himself committed to the late retort. While the subject of it was breathing injury in a corner, the Chief loftily addressed this gentleman.

"Your friend, sir," said he, "is—ha—is a little impatient; and, in his impatience, is not perhaps fully sensible of what he owes to—hum—to—but we will waive that, we will waive that. Your friend is a little impatient, sir."

"It may be so, sir," returned the other. "But having had the honor of making that gentleman's acquaintance at the hotel at Geneva, where we and much good company met some time ago, and having had the honor of exchanging company and conversation with that gentleman on several subsequent excursions, I can hear nothing—no, not even from one of your appearance and station, sir—detrimental to that gentleman."

"You are in no danger, sir, of hearing any such thing from me. In remarking that your friend has shown impatience, I say no such

thing. I make that remark, because it is not to be doubted that my son, being by birth and by—ha—by education a—hum—a gentleman, would have readily adapted himself to any obligingly-expressed wish on the subject of the fire being equally accessible to the whole of the present circle. Which, in principle, I—ha—for all are—hum—equal on these occasions—I consider right.”

“Good!” was the reply. “And there it ends! I am your son’s obedient servant. I beg your son to receive the assurance of my profound consideration. And now, sir, I may admit, freely admit, that my friend is sometimes of a sarcastic temper.”

“The lady is your friend’s wife, sir?”

“The lady is my friend’s wife, sir.”

“She is very handsome.”

“Sir, she is peerless. They are still in the first year of their marriage. They are still partly on a marriage, and partly on an artistic tour.”

“Your friend is an artist, sir?”

The gentleman replied by kissing the fingers of his right hand, and wafting the kiss the length of his arm towards Heaven. As who should say, I devote him to the celestial Powers as an immortal artist!

“But he is a man of family,” he added. “His connexions are of the best. He is more than an artist: he is highly connected. He may, in effect, have repudiated his connexions, proudly, impatiently, sarcastically (I make the concession of both words); but he has them. Sparks that have been struck out during our intercourse have shown me this.”

“Well! I hope,” said the lofty gentleman, with the air of finally disposing of the subject, “that the lady’s indisposition may be only temporary.”

“Sir, I hope so.”

“Mere fatigue, I dare say.”

“Not altogether mere fatigue, sir, for her mule stumbled to-day, and she fell from the saddle. She fell lightly, and was up again without assistance, and rode from us laughing; but she complained towards evening of a slight bruise in the side. She spoke of it more than once, as we followed your party up the mountain.”

The head of the large retinue, who was gracious but not familiar, appeared by this time to think that he had condescended more than enough. He said no more, and there was silence for some quarter of an hour until supper appeared.

With the supper, came one of the young Fathers (there seemed to be no old Fathers) to take the head of the table. It was like the supper of an ordinary Swiss hotel, and good red wine grown by the convent in more genial air was not wanting. The artist traveller calmly came and took his place at table when the rest sat down, with no apparent sense upon him of his late skirmish with the completely-dressed traveller.

“Pray,” he enquired of the host, over his soup, “has your convent many of its famous dogs now?”

“Monsieur, it has three.”

“I saw three in the gallery below. Doubtless the three in question.”

The host, a slender, bright-eyed, dark young man of polite manners, whose garment was a black gown with strips of white crossed over it like braces, and who no more resembled the conventional breed of Saint Bernard monks than he resembled the conventional breed of Saint Bernard dogs, replied, doubtless those were the three in question.

"And I think," said the artist traveller, "I have seen one of them before."

It was possible. He was a dog sufficiently well known. Monsieur might have easily seen him in the valley or somewhere on the lake, when he (the dog) had gone down with one of the order to solicit aid for the convent.

"Which is done in its regular season of the year, I think?"

Monsieur was right.

"And never without the dog. The dog is very important."

Again Monsieur was right. The dog was very important. People were justly interested in the dog. As one of the dogs celebrated everywhere, Ma'amselle would observe.

Ma'amselle was a little slow to observe it, as though she were not yet well accustomed to the French tongue. Mrs. General, however, observed it for her.

"Ask him if he has saved many lives?" said, in his native English, the young man who had been put out of countenance.

The host needed no translation of the question. He promptly replied in French, "No. Not this one."

"Why not?" the same gentleman asked.

"Pardon," returned the host, composedly, "give him the opportunity and he will do it without doubt. For example, I am well convinced," smiling sedately, as he cut up the dish of veal to be handed round, on the young man who had been put out of countenance, "that if you, Monsieur, would give him the opportunity, he would hasten with great ardor to fulfil his duty."

The artist traveller laughed. The insinuating traveller (who evinced a provident anxiety to get his full share of the supper), wiping some drops of wine from his moustache with a piece of bread, joined the conversation.

"It is becoming late in the year, my Father," said he, "for tourist-travellers, is it not?"

"Yes, it is late. Yet two or three weeks, at most, and we shall be left to the winter snows."

"And then," said the insinuating traveller, "for the scratching dogs and the buried children, according to the pictures!"

"Pardon," said the host, not quite understanding the allusion. "How, then the scratching dogs and the buried children according to the pictures?"

The artist traveller struck in again, before an answer could be given.

"Don't you know," he coldly enquired across the table of his companion, "that none but smugglers come this way in the winter or can have any possible business this way?"

"Holy blue! No; never heard of it."

"So it is, I believe. And as they know the signs of the weather tele-

rably well, they don't give much employment to the dogs—who have consequently died out rather—though this house of entertainment is conveniently situated for themselves. Their young families, I am told, they usually leave at home. But it's a grand idea!" cried the artist traveller, unexpectedly rising into a tone of enthusiasm. "It's a sublime idea. It's the finest idea in the world, and brings tears into a man's eyes, by Jupiter!" He then went on eating his veal with great composure.

There was enough of mocking inconsistency at the bottom of this speech to make it rather discordant, though the manner was refined and the person well-favored, and though the depreciatory part of it was so skilfully thrown off, as to be very difficult for one not perfectly acquainted with the English language to understand, or, even understanding, to take offence at: so simple and dispassionate was its tone. After finishing his veal in the midst of silence, the speaker again addressed his friend.

"Look," said he, in his former tone, "at this gentleman our host, not yet in the prime of life, who in so graceful a way and with such courtly urbanity and modesty presides over us! Manners fit for a crown! Dine with the Lord Mayor of London (if you can get an invitation) and observe the contrast. This dear fellow, with the finest cut face I ever saw, a face in perfect drawing, leaves some laborious life and comes up here I don't know how many feet above the level of the sea, for no other purpose on earth (except enjoying himself, I hope, in a capital refectory) than to keep an hotel for idle poor devils like you and me, and leave the bill to our consciences! Why, isn't it a beautiful sacrifice? What do we want more to touch us? Because rescued people of interesting appearance are not, for eight or nine months out of every twelve, holding on here round the necks of the most sagacious of dogs carrying wooden bottles, shall we disparage the place? No! Bless the place. It's a great place, a glorious place!"

The chest of the grey-haired gentleman who was the Chief of the important party, had swelled as if with a protest against his being numbered among poor devils. No sooner had the artist traveller ceased speaking than he himself spoke with great dignity, as having it incumbent on him to take the lead in most places, and having deserted that duty for a little while.

He weightily communicated his opinion to their host, that his life must be a very dreary life here in the winter.

The host allowed to Monsieur that it was a little monotonous. The air was difficult to breathe for a length of time consecutively. The cold was very severe. One needed youth and strength to bear it. However, having them and the blessing of Heaven—

Yes, that was very good. "But the confinement," said the grey-haired gentleman.

There were many days, even in bad weather, when it was possible to walk about outside. It was the custom to beat a little track, and take exercise there.

"But the space," urged the grey-haired gentleman. "So small. So—ha—very limited."

Monsieur would recall to himself that there were the refuges to visit, and that tracks had to be made to them also.

Monsieur still urged, on the other hand, that the space was so—ha—hum—so very contracted. More than that. It was always the same, always the same.

With a deprecating smile, the host gently raised and gently lowered his shoulders. That was true, he remarked, but permit him to say that almost all objects had their various points of view. Monsieur and he did not see this poor life of his from the same point of view. Monsieur was not used to confinement.

"I—ha—yes, very true," said the grey-haired gentleman. He seemed to receive quite a shock from the force of the argument.

Monsieur, as an English traveller surrounded by all means of travelling pleasantly; doubtless possessing fortune, carriages, servants—

"Perfectly, perfectly. Without doubt," said the gentleman.

Monsieur could not easily place himself in the position of a person who had not the power to choose, I will go here to-morrow, or there next day; I will pass these barriers, I will enlarge those bounds. Monsieur could not realise, perhaps, how the mind accommodated itself in such things to the force of necessity.

"It is true," said Monsieur. "We will—ha—not pursue the subject. You are—hum—quite accurate, I have no doubt. We will say no more."

The supper having come to a close, he drew his chair away as he spoke, and moved back to his former place by the fire. As it was very cold at the greater part of the table, the other guests also resumed their former seats by the fire, designing to toast themselves well before going to bed. The host, when they rose from table, bowed to all present, wished them good night, and withdrew. But first the insinuating traveller had asked him if they could have some wine made hot; and as he had answered Yes, and had presently afterwards sent it in, that traveller, seated in the centre of the group, and in the full heat of the fire, was soon engaged in serving it out to the rest.

At this time, the younger of the two young ladies, who had been silently attentive in her dark corner (the firelight was the chief light in the sombre room, the lamp being smoky and dull) to what had been said of the absent lady, glided out. She was at a loss which way to turn, when she had softly closed the door; but, after a little hesitation among the sounding passages and the many ways, came to a room in a corner of the main gallery, where the servants were at their supper. From these she obtained a lamp, and a direction to the lady's room.

It was up the great staircase on the story above. Here and there, the bare white walls were broken by an iron grate, and she thought as she went along that the place was something like a prison. The arched door of the lady's room, or cell, was not quite shut. After knocking at it two or three times without receiving an answer, she pushed it gently open, and looked in.

The lady lay with closed eyes on the outside of the bed, protected from the cold by the blankets and wrappers with which she had been

covered when she revived from her fainting fit. A dull light placed in the deep recess of the window, made little impression on the arched room. The visitor timidly stepped to the bed, and said, in a soft whisper, "Are you better?"

The lady had fallen into a slumber, and the whisper was too low to awake her. Her visitor, standing quite still, looked at her attentively.

"She is very pretty," she said to herself. "I never saw so beautiful a face. O how unlike me!"

It was a curious thing to say, but it had some hidden meaning, for it filled her eyes with tears.

"I know I must be right. I know he spoke of her that evening. I could very easily be wrong on any other subject. But not on this, not on this!"

With a quiet and tender hand she put aside a straying fold of the sleeper's hair, and then touched the hand that lay outside the covering.

"I like to look at her," she breathed to herself. "I like to see what has affected him so much."

She had not withdrawn her hand, when the sleeper opened her eyes, and started.

"Pray don't be alarmed. I am only one of the travellers from down stairs. I came to ask if you were better, and if I could do anything for you."

"I think you have already been so kind as to send your servants to my assistance?"

"No, not I; that was my sister. Are you better?"

"Much better. It is only a slight bruise, and has been well looked to, and is almost easy now. It made me giddy and faint in a moment. It had hurt me before; but at last, it overpowered me all at once."

"May I stay with you until some one comes? Would you like it?"

"I should like it, for it is lonely here; but I am afraid you will feel the cold too much."

"I don't mind cold. I am not delicate, if I look so." She quickly moved one of the two rough chairs to the bedside, and sat down. The other as quickly moved a part of some travelling wrapper from herself, and drew it over her, so that her arm, in keeping it about her, rested on her shoulder.

"You have so much the air of a kind nurse," said the lady, smiling on her, "that you seem as if you had come to me from home."

"I am very glad of it."

"I was dreaming of home when I woke just now. Of my old home, I mean, before I was married."

"And before you were so far away from it."

"I have been much farther away from it than this; but then I took the best part of it with me, and missed nothing. I felt solitary as I dropped asleep here, and, missing it a little, wandered back to it."

There was a sorrowfully affectionate and regretful sound in her

voice, which made her visitor refrain from looking at her for the moment.

"It is a curious chance which at last brings us together, under this covering in which you have wrapped me," said the visitor, after a pause; "for do you know, I think I have been looking for you, some time."

"Looking for me?"

"I believe I have a little note here, which I was to give to you whenever I found you. This is it. Unless I greatly mistake, it is addressed to you. Is it not?"

The lady took it, and said yes, and read it. Her visitor watched her as she did so. It was very short. She flushed a little as she put her lips to her visitor's cheek, and pressed her hand.

"The dear young friend to whom he presents me, may be a comfort to me at some time, he says. She is truly a comfort to me, the first time I see her."

"Perhaps, you don't," said the visitor, hesitating—"perhaps you don't know my story? Perhaps he never told you my story?"

"No."

"O, no, why should he! I have scarcely the right to tell it myself at present, because I have been intreated not to do so. There is not much in it, but it might account to you for my asking you not to say anything about the letter here. You saw my family with me, perhaps? Some of them—I only say this to you—are a little proud, a little prejudiced."

"You shall take it back again," said the other, "and then my husband is sure not to see it. He might see it and speak of it, otherwise, by some accident. Will you put it in your bosom again, to be certain?"

She did so with great care. Her small, slight hand was still upon the letter, when they heard some one in the gallery outside.

"I promised," said the visitor, rising, "that I would write to him after seeing you (I could hardly fail to see you, sooner or later), and tell him if you were well and happy. I had better say you were well and happy?"

"Yes, yes, yes! Say I was very well and very happy. And that I thanked him affectionately, and would never forget him."

"I shall see you in the morning. After that we are sure to meet again before very long. Good night!"

"Good night. Thank you, thank you. Good night, my dear!"

Both of them were hurried and fluttered as they exchanged this parting, and as the visitor came out at the door. She had expected to meet the lady's husband approaching it; but the person in the gallery was not he: it was the traveller who had wiped the wine-drops from his moustache with the piece of bread. When he heard the step behind him, he turned round—for he was walking away in the dark.

His politeness, which was extreme, would not allow of the young lady's lighting herself down stairs, or going down alone. He took her lamp, held it so as to throw the best light on the stone steps, and followed her all the way to the supper-room. She went down, not easily hiding how much she was inclined to shrink and tremble; for

the appearance of this traveller was particularly disagreeable to her. She had sat in her quiet corner before supper, imagining what he would have been in the scenes and places within her experience, until he inspired her with an aversion, that made him little less than terrific.

He followed her down with his smiling politeness, followed her in, and resumed his seat in the best place on the hearth. There, with the wood-fire, which was beginning to burn low, rising and falling upon him in the dark room, he sat with his legs thrust out to warm, drinking the hot wine down to the lees, with a monstrous shadow imitating him on the wall and ceiling.

The tired company had broken up, and all the rest were gone to bed except the young lady's father, who dozed in his chair by the fire. The traveller had been at the pains of going a long way up stairs to his sleeping-room, to fetch his pocket-flask of brandy. He told them so, as he poured its contents into what was left of the wine, and drank with a new relish.

"May I ask, sir, if you are on your way to Italy?"

The grey-haired gentleman had roused himself, and was preparing to withdraw. He answered in the affirmative.

"I also!" said the traveller. "I shall hope to have the honor of offering my compliments in fairer scenes, and under softer circumstances, than on this dismal mountain."

The gentleman bowed, distantly enough, and said he was obliged to him.

"We poor gentlemen, sir," said the traveller, pulling his moustache dry with his hand, for he had dipped it in the wine and brandy; "we poor gentlemen do not travel like princes, but the courtesies and graces of life are precious to us. To your health, sir!"

"Sir, I thank you."

"To the health of your distinguished family—of the fair ladies, your daughters!"

"Sir, I thank you again. I wish you good night. My dear, are our—ha—our people in attendance?"

"They are close by, father."

"Permit me!" said the traveller, rising and holding the door open, as the gentleman crossed the room towards it with his arm drawn through his daughter's. "Good repose! To the pleasure of seeing you once more! To to-morrow!"

As he kissed his hand, with his best manner and his daintiest smile, the young lady drew a little nearer to her father, and passed him with a dread of touching him.

"Humph!" said the insinuating traveller, whose manner shrunk and whose voice dropped when he was left alone. "If they all go to bed, why I must go. They are in a devil of a hurry. One would think the night would be long enough, in this freezing silence and solitude, if one went to bed two hours hence!"

Throwing back his head in emptying his glass, he cast his eyes upon the travellers' book, which lay on the piano, open, with pens and ink beside it, as if the night's names had been registered when he was absent. Taking it in his hand, he read these entries.

William Dorrit, Esquire	} And suite. From France to Italy.
Frederick Dorrit, Esquire	
Edward Dorrit, Esquire	
Miss Dorrit	
Miss Amy Dorrit	
Mrs. General	

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gowan. From France to Italy.

To which he added, in a small, complicated hand, ending with a long lean flourish, not unlike a lasso thrown at all the rest of the names :

Blandois. Paris. From France to Italy.

And then, with his nose coming down over his moustache, and his moustache going up under his nose, repaired to his allotted cell.

CHAPTER II.

MRS. GENERAL.

It is indispensable to present the accomplished lady, who was of sufficient importance in the suite of the Dorrit Family to have a line to herself in the Travellers' Book.

Mrs. General was the daughter of a clerical dignitary in a cathedral town, where she had led the fashion until she was as near forty-five as a single lady can be. A stiff commissariat officer of sixty, famous as a martinet, had then become enamoured of the gravity with which she drove the proprieties four-in-hand through the cathedral town society, and had solicited to be taken beside her on the box of the cool coach of ceremony to which that team was harnessed. His proposal of marriage being accepted by the lady, the commissary took his seat behind the proprieties with great decorum, and Mrs. General drove until the commissary died. In the course of their united journey, they ran over several people who came in the way of the proprieties; but always in a high style, and with composure.

The commissary having been buried with all the decorations suitable to the service (the whole team of proprieties were harnessed to his hearse, and they all had feathers and black velvet housings, with his coat-of-arms in the corner), Mrs. General began to enquire what quantity of dust and ashes was deposited at the bankers'. It then transpired that the commissary had so far stolen a march on Mrs. General as to have bought himself an annuity some years before his marriage, and to have reserved that circumstance, in mentioning, at the period of his proposal, that his income was derived from the interest of his money. Mrs. General consequently found her means so much diminished, that, but for the perfect regulation of her mind, she might have

felt disposed to question the accuracy of that portion of the late service which had declared that the commissary could take nothing away with him.

In this state of affairs it occurred to Mrs. General, that she might "form the mind," and eke the manners, of some young lady of distinction. Or, that she might harness the proprieties to the carriage of some rich young heiress or widow, and become at once the driver and guard of such vehicle through the social mazes. Mrs. General's communication of this idea to her clerical and commissariat connexion was so warmly applauded that, but for the lady's undoubted merit, it might have appeared as though they wanted to get rid of her. Testimonials representing Mrs. General as a prodigy of piety, learning, virtue, and gentility, were lavishly contributed from influential quarters; and one venerable archdeacon even shed tears in recording his testimony to her perfections (described to him by persons on whom he could rely), though he had never had the honor and moral gratification of setting eyes on Mrs. General in all his life.

Thus delegated on her mission, as it were by Church and State, Mrs. General, who had always occupied high ground, felt in a condition to keep it, and began by putting herself up at a very high figure. An interval of some duration elapsed, in which there was no bid for Mrs. General. At length a county-widower, with a daughter of fourteen, opened negotiations with the lady; and as it was a part either of the native dignity or of the artificial policy of Mrs. General (but certainly one or the other), to comport herself as if she were much more sought than seeking, the widower pursued Mrs. General until he prevailed upon her to form his daughter's mind and manners.

The execution of this trust occupied Mrs. General about seven years, in the course of which time she made the tour of Europe, and saw most of that extensive miscellany of objects which it is essential that all persons of polite cultivation should see with other people's eyes, and never with their own. When her charge was at length formed, the marriage, not only of the young lady, but likewise of her father the widower, was resolved on. The widower then finding Mrs. General both inconvenient and expensive, became of a sudden almost as much affected by her merits as the archdeacon had been, and circulated such praises of her surpassing worth, in all quarters where he thought an opportunity might arise of transferring the blessing to somebody else, that Mrs. General was a name more honorable than ever.

The phoenix was to let, on this elevated perch, when Mr. Dorrit, who had lately succeeded to his property, mentioned to his bankers that he wished to discover a lady, well-bred, accomplished, well connected, well accustomed to good society, who was qualified at once to complete the education of his daughters, and to be their matron or chaperon. Mr. Dorrit's bankers, as the bankers of the county-widower, instantly said, "Mrs. General."

Pursuing the light so fortunately hit upon, and finding the concurrent testimony of the whole of Mrs. General's acquaintance to be of the pathetic nature already recorded, Mr. Dorrit took the trouble of going down to the county of the county-widower, to see Mrs. General. In whom he found a lady of a quality superior to his highest expectations.

"Might I be excused," said Mr. Dorrit, "if I enquired—ha—what remuneration—"

"Why, indeed," returned Mrs. General, stopping the word, "it is a subject on which I prefer to avoid entering. I have never entered on it with my friends here; and I cannot overcome the delicacy, Mr. Dorrit, with which I have always regarded it. I am not, as I hope you are aware, a governess—"

"O dear no!" said Mr. Dorrit. "Pray, madam, do not imagine for a moment that I think so." He really blushed to be suspected of it.

Mrs. General gravely inclined her head. "I cannot, therefore, put a price upon services which it is a pleasure to me to render if I can render them spontaneously, but which I could not render in mere return for any consideration. Neither do I know how, or where, to find a case parallel to my own. It is peculiar."

No doubt. But how then (Mr. Dorrit not unnaturally hinted) could the subject be approached?

"I cannot object," said Mrs. General—"though even that is disagreeable to me—to Mr. Dorrit's enquiring, in confidence, of my friends here, what amount they may have been accustomed, at quarterly intervals, to pay to my credit at my bankers'."

Mr. Dorrit bowed his acknowledgments.

"Permit me to add," said Mrs. General, "that beyond this, I can never resume the topic. Also that I can accept no second or inferior position. If the honor were proposed to me of becoming known to Mr. Dorrit's family—I think two daughters were mentioned?"

"Two daughters."

"I could only accept it on terms of perfect equality, as a companion, protector, Mentor, and friend."

Mr. Dorrit, in spite of his sense of his importance, felt as if it would be quite a kindness in her to accept it on any conditions. He almost said as much.

"I think," repeated Mrs. General, "two daughters were mentioned?"

"Two daughters," said Mr. Dorrit again.

"It would therefore," said Mrs. General, "be necessary to add a third more to the payment (whatever its amount may prove to be), which my friends here have been accustomed to make to my bankers."

Mr. Dorrit lost no time in referring the delicate question to the county-widower, and, finding that he had been accustomed to pay three hundred pounds a-year to the credit of Mrs. General, arrived, without any severe strain on his arithmetic, at the conclusion that he himself must pay four. Mrs. General being an article of that lustrous surface which suggests that it is worth any money, he made a formal proposal to be allowed to have the honor and pleasure of regarding her as a member of his family. Mrs. General conceded that high privilege, and here she was.

In person, Mrs. General, including her skirts which had much to do with it, was of a dignified and imposing appearance; ample, rustling, gravely voluminous; always upright behind the proprieties. She might have been taken—had been taken—to the top of the Alps and the bottom of Herculaneum, without disarranging a fold in her dress, or

displacing a pin. If her countenance and hair had rather a floury appearance, as though from living in some transcendently genteel Mill, it was rather because she was a chalky creation altogether, than because she mended her complexion with violet powder, or had turned grey. If her eyes had no expression, it was probably because they had nothing to express. If she had few wrinkles, it was because her mind had never traced its name or any other inscription on her face. A cool, waxy, blown-out woman, who had never lighted well.

Mrs. General had no opinions. Her way of forming a mind was to prevent it from forming opinions. She had a little circular set of mental grooves or rails, on which she started little trains of other people's opinions, which never overtook one another, and never got anywhere. Even her propriety could not dispute that there was impropriety in the world; but Mrs. General's way of getting rid of it was to put it out of sight, and make believe that there was no such thing. This was another of her ways of forming a mind—to cram all articles of difficulty into cupboards, lock them up, and say they had no existence. It was the easiest way, and, beyond all comparison, the properest.

Mrs. General was not to be told of anything shocking. Accidents, miseries, and offences, were never to be mentioned before her. Passion was to go to sleep in the presence of Mrs. General, and blood was to change to milk and water. The little that was left in the world, when all these deductions were made, it was Mrs. General's province to varnish. In that formation process of hers, she dipped the smallest of brushes into the largest of pots, and varnished the surface of every object that came under consideration. The more cracked it was, the more Mrs. General varnished it.

There was varnish in Mrs. General's voice, varnish in Mrs. General's touch, an atmosphere of varnish round Mrs. General's figure. Mrs. General's dreams ought to have been varnished—if she had any—lying asleep in the arms of the good Saint Bernard, with the feathery snow falling on his house-top.

CHAPTER III.

ON THE ROAD.

THE bright morning sun dazzled the eyes, the snow had ceased, the mists had vanished, the mountain air was so clear and light that the new sensation of breathing it was like the having entered on a new existence. To help the delusion, the solid ground itself seemed gone, and the mountain, a shining waste of immense white heaps and masses, to be a region of cloud floating between the blue sky above and the earth far below.

Some dark specks in the snow, like knots upon a little thread, beginning at the convent door and winding away down the descent in broken lengths which were not yet pieced together, shewed where the

Brethren were at work in several places clearing the track. Already the snow had begun to be foot-thawed again about the door. Mules were busily brought out, tied to the rings in the wall, and laden; strings of bells were buckled on, burdens were adjusted, the voices of drivers and riders sounded musically. Some of the earliest had even already resumed their journey; and, both on the level summit by the dark water near the convent, and on the downward way of yesterday's ascent, little moving figures of men and mules, reduced to miniatures by the immensity around, went with a clear tinkling of bells and a pleasant harmony of tongues.

In the supper-room of last night, a new fire piled upon the feathery ashes of the old one, shone upon a homely breakfast of loaves, butter, and milk. It also shone on the courier of the Dorrit family, making tea for his party from a supply he had brought up with him, together with several other small stores which were chiefly laid in for the use of the strong body of inconvenience. Mr. Gowan, and Blandois of Paris, had already breakfasted, and were walking up and down by the lake, smoking their cigars.

"Gowan, eh?" muttered Tip, otherwise Edward Dorrit, Esquire, turning over the leaves of the book, when the courier had left them to breakfast. "Then Gowan is the name of a puppy, that's all I have got to say! If it was worth my while, I'd pull his nose. But it isn't worth my while—fortunately for him. How's his wife, Amy? I suppose you know. You generally know things of that sort."

"She is better, Edward. But they are not going to-day."

"Oh! They are not going to-day! Fortunately for that fellow too," said Tip, "or he and I might have come into collision."

"It is thought better here that she should lie quiet to-day, and not be fatigued and shaken by the ride down until to-morrow."

"With all my heart. But you talk as if you had been nursing her. You haven't been relapsing into (Mrs. General is not here) into old habits, have you, Amy?"

He asked her the question with a sly glance of observation at Miss Fanny, and at his father too.

"I have only been in to ask her if I could do anything for her, Tip," said Little Dorrit.

"You needn't call me Tip, Amy child," returned that young gentleman with a frown; "because that's an old habit, and one you may as well lay aside."

"I didn't mean to say so, Edward dear. I forgot. It was so natural once, that it seemed at the moment the right word."

"Oh yes!" Miss Fanny struck in. "Natural, and right word, and once, and all the rest of it! Nonsense, you little thing! I know perfectly well why you have been taking such an interest in this Mrs. Gowan. You can't blind me."

"I will not try to, Fanny. Don't be angry."

"Oh! angry!" returned that young lady with a flounce. "I have no patience" (which indeed was the truth).

"Pray, Fanny," said Mr. Dorrit, raising his eyebrows, "what do you mean? Explain yourself."

"Oh! Never mind, Pa," replied Miss Fanny, "it's no great matter.

Amy will understand me. She knew, or knew of, this Mrs. Gowan before yesterday, and she may as well admit that she did."

"My child," said Mr. Dorrit, turning to his younger daughter, "has your sister—any—ha—authority for this curious statement?"

"However meek we are," Miss Fanny struck in before she could answer, "we don't go creeping into people's rooms on the tops of cold mountains, and sitting perishing in the frost with people, unless we know something about them beforehand. It's not very hard to divine whose friend Mrs. Gowan is."

"Whose friend?" enquired her father.

"Pa, I am sorry to say," returned Miss Fanny, who had by this time succeeded in goading herself into a state of much ill-usage and grievance, which she was often at great pains to do: "that I believe her to be a friend of that very objectionable and unpleasant person, who, with a total absence of all delicacy, which our experience might have led us to expect from him, insulted us and outraged our feelings in so public and wilful a manner, on an occasion to which it is understood among us, that we will not more pointedly allude."

"Amy, my child," said Mr. Dorrit, tempering a bland severity with a dignified affection, "is this the case?"

Little Dorrit mildly answered, yes it was.

"Yes it is!" cried Miss Fanny. "Of course! I said so! And now, Pa, I do declare once for all," this young lady was in the habit of declaring the same thing once for all, every day of her life, and even several times in a day, "that this is shameful! I do declare once for all that it ought to be put a stop to. Is it not enough that we have gone through what is only known to ourselves, but are we to have it thrown in our faces, perseveringly and systematically, by the very person who should spare our feelings most? Are we to be exposed to this unnatural conduct every moment of our lives? Are we never to be permitted to forget? I say again, it is absolutely infamous!"

"Well, Amy," observed her brother, shaking his head, "you know I stand by you whenever I can, and on most occasions. But I must say, that upon my soul I do consider it rather an unaccountable mode of shewing your sisterly affection, that you should back up a man who treated me in the most ungentlemanly way in which one man can treat another. And who," he added convincingly, "must be a low-minded thief, you know, or he never could have conducted himself as he did."

"And see," said Miss Fanny, "see what is involved in this! Can we ever hope to be respected by our servants? Never. Here are our two women, and Pa's valet, and a footman, and a courier, and all sorts of dependents, and yet, in the midst of these, we are to have one of ourselves rushing about with tumblers of cold water, like a menial! Why, a policeman," said Miss Fanny, "if a beggar had a fit in the street, could but go plunging about with tumblers, as this very Amy did in this very room before our very eyes last night!"

"I don't so much mind that, once in a way," remarked Mr. Edward; "but your Clennam, as he thinks proper to call himself, is another thing."

"He is a part of the same thing," returned Miss Fanny, "and of a piece with all the rest. He obtruded himself upon us in the first instance. We never wanted him. I always shewed him, for one, that

I could have dispensed with his company with the greatest pleasure. He then commits that gross outrage upon our feelings, which he never could or would have committed but for the delight he took in exposing us; and then we are to be demeaned for the service of his friends! Why, I don't wonder at this Mr. Gowan's conduct towards you. What else was to be expected when he was enjoying our past misfortunes—gloating over them at the moment!"

"Father—Edward—no indeed!" pleaded Little Dorrit. "Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Gowan had ever heard our name. They were, and they are, quite ignorant of our history."

"So much the worse," retorted Fanny, determined not to admit anything in extenuation, "for then you have *no* excuse. If they had known about us, you might have felt yourself called upon to conciliate them. That would have been a weak and ridiculous mistake, but I can respect a mistake, whereas I can't respect a wilful and deliberate abasing of those who should be nearest and dearest to us. No. I can't respect that. I can do nothing but denounce that."

"I never offend you wilfully, Fanny," said Little Dorrit, "though you are so hard with me."

"Then you should be more careful, Amy," returned her sister. "If you do such things by accident, you should be more careful. If I happened to have been born in a peculiar place, and under peculiar circumstances that blunted my knowledge of propriety, I fancy I should think myself bound to consider at every step, 'Am I going, ignorantly, to compromise any near and dear relations?' That is what I fancy I should do, if it was *my* case."

Mr. Dorrit now interposed, at once to stop these painful subjects by his authority, and to point their moral by his wisdom.

"My dear," said he to his younger daughter, "I beg you to—ha—to say no more. Your sister Fanny expresses herself strongly, but not without considerable reason. You have now a—hum—a great position to support. That great position is not occupied by yourself alone, but by—ha—by me, and—ha hum—by us. Us. Now, it is incumbent upon all people in an exalted position, but it is particularly so on this family, for reasons which I—ha—will not dwell upon, to make themselves respected. To be vigilant in making themselves respected. Dependents, to respect us, must be—ha—kept at a distance and—hum—kept down. Down. Therefore, your not exposing yourself to the remarks of our attendants, by appearing to have at any time dispensed with their services and performed them for yourself, is—ha—highly important."

"Why, who can doubt it?" cried Miss Fanny. "It's the essence of everything!"

"Fanny," returned her father, grandiloquently, "give me leave, my dear. We then come to—ha—to Mr. Clennam. I am free to say that I do not, Amy, share your sister's sentiments—that is to say altogether—hum—altogether—in reference to Mr. Clennam. I am content to regard that individual in the light of—ha—generally—a well-behaved person. Hum. A well-behaved person. Nor will I enquire whether Mr. Clennam did, at any time, obtrude himself on—ha—my society. He knew my society to be—hum—sought, and his plea might be that

he regarded me in the light of a public character. But there were circumstances attending my—ha—slight knowledge of Mr. Clennam (it was very slight), which," here Mr. Dorrit became extremely grave and impressive, "would render it highly indelicate in Mr. Clennam to—ha—to seek to renew communication with me or with any member of my family, under existing circumstances. If Mr. Clennam has sufficient delicacy to perceive the impropriety of any such attempt, I am bound as a responsible gentleman to—ha—defer to that delicacy on his part. If, on the other hand, Mr. Clennam has not that delicacy, I cannot for a moment—ha—hold any correspondence with so—hum—coarse a mind. In either case, it would appear that Mr. Clennam is put altogether out of the question, and that we have nothing to do with him or he with us. Ha—Mrs. General!"

The entrance of the lady whom he announced, to take her place at the breakfast-table, terminated the discussion. Shortly afterwards, the courier announced that the valet, and the footman, and the two maids, and the four guides, and the fourteen mules, were in readiness; so the breakfast party went out to the convent door to join the cavalcade.

Mr. Gowan stood aloof with his cigar and pencil, but Mr. Blandois was on the spot, to pay his respects to the ladies. When he gallantly pulled off his slouched hat to Little Dorrit, she thought he had even a more sinister look, standing swart and cloaked in the snow, than he had had in the fire-light over night. But, as both her father and her sister received his homage with some favor, she refrained from expressing any distrust of him, lest it should prove to be a new blemish derived from her prison-birth.

Nevertheless, as they wound down the rugged way while the convent was yet in sight, she more than once looked round, and descried Mr. Blandois, backed by the convent smoke which rose straight and high from the chimnies in a golden film, always standing on one jutting point looking down after them. Long after he was a mere black stick in the snow, she felt as though she could yet see that smile of his, that high nose, and those eyes that were too near it. And even after that, when the convent was gone and some light morning clouds veiled the pass below it, the ghastly skeleton arms by the wayside seemed to be all pointing up at him.

More treacherous than snow, perhaps, colder at heart, and harder to melt, Blandois of Paris by degrees passed out of her mind, as they came down into the softer regions. Again the sun was warm, again the streams descending from glaciers and snowy caverns were refreshing to drink at, again they came among the pine trees, the rocky rivulets, the verdant heights and dales, the wooden chalets and rough zigzag fences, of Swiss country. Sometimes, the way so widened that she and her father could ride abreast. And then to look at him, handsomely clothed in his furs and broadcloths, rich, free, numerously served and attended, his eyes roving far away among the glories of the landscape, no miserable screen before them to darken his sight and cast its shadow on him, was enough.

Her uncle was so far rescued from that shadow of old, that he wore the clothes they gave him, and performed some ablutions as a sacrifice to the family credit, and went where he was taken, with a certain

patient animal enjoyment, which seemed to express that the air and change did him good. In all other respects, save one, he shone with no light but such as was reflected from his brother. His brother's greatness, wealth, freedom, and grandeur, pleased him without any reference to himself. Silent and retiring, he had no use for speech when he could hear his brother speak; no desire to be waited on, so that the servants devoted themselves to his brother. The only noticeable change he originated in himself, was an alteration in his manner to his younger niece. Every day it refined more and more into a marked respect, very rarely shewn by age to youth, and still more rarely susceptible, one would have said, of the fitness with which he invested it. On those occasions when Miss Fanny did declare once for all, he would take the next opportunity of baring his grey head before his younger niece, and of helping her to alight, or handing her to the carriage, or shewing her any other attention, with the profoundest deference. Yet it never appeared misplaced or forced, being always heartily simple, spontaneous, and genuine. Neither would he ever consent, even at his brother's request, to be helped to any place before her, or to take precedence of her in anything. So jealous was he of her being respected, that on this very journey down from the Great Saint Bernard, he took sudden and violent umbrage at the footman's being remiss to hold her stirrup, though standing near when she dismounted; and unspeakably astonished the whole retinue by charging at him on a hard-headed mule, riding him into a corner, and threatening to trample him to death.

They were a goodly company, and the Innkeepers all but worshipped them. Wherever they went, their importance preceded them in the person of the courier riding before, to see that the rooms of state were ready. He was the herald of the family procession. The great travelling-carriage came next: containing, inside, Mr. Dorrit, Miss Dorrit, Miss Amy Dorrit, and Mrs. General; outside, some of the retainers, and (in fine weather) Edward Dorrit, Esquire, for whom the box was reserved. Then came the chariot containing Frederick Dorrit, Esquire, and an empty place occupied by Edward Dorrit, Esquire, in wet weather. Then came the fourgon with the rest of the retainers, the heavy baggage, and as much as it could carry of the mud and dust which the other vehicles left behind.

These equipages adorned the yard of the hotel at Martigny, on the return of the family from their mountain excursion. Other vehicles were there, much company being on the road, from the patched Italian Vettura—like the body of a swing from an English fair put upon a wooden tray on wheels, and having another wooden tray without wheels put atop of it—to the trim English carriage. But there was another adornment of the hotel which Mr. Dorrit had not bargained for. Two strange travellers embellished one of his rooms.

The Innkeeper, hat in hand in the yard, swore to the courier that he was blighted, that he was desolated, that he was profoundly afflicted, that he was the most miserable and unfortunate of beasts, that he had the head of a wooden pig. He ought never to have made the concession, he said, but the very genteel lady had so passionately

prayed him for the accommodation of that room to dine in, only for a little half-hour, that he had been vanquished. The little half-hour was expired, the lady and gentleman were taking their little dessert and half-cup of coffee, the note was paid, the horses were ordered, they would depart immediately; but, owing to an unhappy destiny and the curse of Heaven, they were not yet gone.

Nothing could exceed Mr. Dorrit's indignation, as he turned at the foot of the staircase on hearing these apologies. He felt that the family dignity was struck at, by an assassin's hand. He had a sense of his dignity, which was of the most exquisite nature. He could detect a design upon it when nobody else had any perception of the fact. His life was made an agony by the number of fine scalpels that he felt to be incessantly engaged in dissecting his dignity.

"Is it possible, sir," said Mr. Dorrit, reddening excessively, "that you have—ha—had the audacity to place one of my rooms at the disposition of any other person?"

Thousands of pardons! It was the host's profound misfortune to have been overcome by that too genteel lady. He besought Monseigneur not to enrage himself. He threw himself on Monseigneur for clemency. If Monseigneur would have the distinguished goodness to occupy the other salon especially reserved for him, for but five minutes, all would go well.

"No, sir," said Mr. Dorrit. "I will not occupy any salon. I will leave your house without eating or drinking, or setting foot in it. How do you dare to act like this? Who am I that you—ha—separate me from other gentlemen?"

Alas! The host called all the universe to witness that Monseigneur was the most amiable of the whole body of nobility, the most important, the most estimable, the most honoured. If he separated Monseigneur from others, it was only because he was more distinguished, more cherished, more generous, more renowned.

"Don't tell me so, sir," returned Mr. Dorrit, in a mighty heat. "You have affronted me. You have heaped insults upon me. How dare you? Explain yourself."

Ah, just Heaven, then, how could the host explain himself when he had nothing more to explain; when he had only to apologise, and confide himself to the so well-known magnanimity of Monseigneur!

"I tell you, sir," said Mr. Dorrit, panting with anger, "that you separate me—ha—from other gentlemen; that you make distinctions between me, and other gentlemen of fortune and station. I demand of you, why? I wish to know on—ha—what authority, on whose authority. Reply, sir. Explain. Answer why."

Permit the landlord humbly to submit to Monsieur the Courier then, that Monseigneur, ordinarily so gracious, enraged himself without cause. There was no why. Monsieur the Courier would represent to Monseigneur, that he deceived himself in suspecting that there was any why, but the why his devoted servant had already had the honor to present to him. The very genteel lady—

"Silence!" cried Mr. Dorrit. "Hold your tongue! I will hear no more of the very genteel lady; I will hear no more of you. Look at this family—my family—a family more genteel than any lady. You

have treated this family with disrespect; you have been insolent to this family. I'll ruin you. Ha—send for the horses, pack the carriages, I'll not set foot in this man's house again!"

No one had interfered in the dispute, which was beyond the French colloquial powers of Edward Dorrit, Esquire, and scarcely within the province of the ladies. Miss Fanny, however, now supported her father with great bitterness; declaring, in her native tongue, that it was quite clear there was something special in this man's impertinence; and that she considered it important that he should be, by some means, forced to give up his authority for making distinctions between that family and other wealthy families. What the reasons of his presumption could be, she was at a loss to imagine; but reasons he must have, and they ought to be torn from him.

All the guides, mule-drivers, and idlers in the yard, had made themselves parties to the angry conference, and were much impressed by the courier's now bestirring himself to get the carriages out. With the aid of some dozen people to each wheel, this was done at a great cost of noise; and then the loading was proceeded with, pending the arrival of the horses from the post-house.

But, the very genteel lady's English chariot being already horsed and at the inn-door, the landlord had slipped up-stairs to represent his hard case. This was notified to the yard by his now coming down the staircase in attendance on the gentleman and the lady, and by his pointing out the offended majesty of Mr. Dorrit to them with a significant motion of his hand.

"Beg your pardon," said the gentleman, detaching himself from the lady, and coming forward. "I am a man of few words and a bad hand at an explanation—but lady here is extremely anxious that there should be no Row. Lady—a mother of mine, in point of fact—wishes me to say that she hopes no Row."

Mr. Dorrit, still panting under his injury, saluted the gentleman, and saluted the lady, in a distant, final, and invincible manner.

"No, but really—here, old feller; you!" This was the gentleman's way of appealing to Edward Dorrit, Esquire, on whom he pounced as a great and providential relief. "Let you and I try to make this all right. Lady so very much wishes no Row."

Edward Dorrit, Esquire, led a little apart by the button, assumed a diplomatic expression of countenance in replying, "Why you must confess, that when you bespeak a lot of rooms beforehand and they belong to you, it's not pleasant to find other people in 'em."

"No," said the other, "I know it isn't. I admit it. Still, let you and I try to make it all right, and avoid Row. The fault is not this chap's at all, but my mother's. Being a remarkably fine woman with no bigodd nonsense about her—well educated, too—she was too many for this chap. Regularly pocketed him."

"If that's the case——" Edward Dorrit, Esquire, began.

"Assure you 'pon my soul 'tis the case. Consequently," said the other gentleman, retiring on his main position, "why Row?"

"Edmund," said the lady from the doorway, "I hope you have explained, or are explaining, to the satisfaction of this gentleman and his family, that the civil landlord is not to blame?"

"Assure you, ma'am," returned Edmund, "perfectly paralyzing myself with trying it on." He then looked stedfastly at Edward Dorrit, Esquire, for some seconds, and suddenly added, in a burst of confidence, "Old feller! Is it all right?"

"I don't know, after all," said the lady, gracefully advancing a step or two towards Mr. Dorrit, "but that I had better say myself, at once, that I assured this good man I took all the consequences on myself of occupying one of a stranger's suite of rooms during his absence, for just as much (or as little) time as I could dine in. I had no idea the rightful owner would come back so soon, nor had I any idea that he had come back, or I should have hastened to make restoration of my ill-gotten chamber, and to have offered my explanation and apology. I trust, in saying this——"

For a moment the lady, with a glass at her eye, stood transfixed and speechless before the two Miss Dorrits. At the same moment Miss Fanny, in the foreground of a grand pictorial composition formed by the family, the family equipages, and the family servants, held her sister tight under one arm to detain her on the spot, and with the other arm fanned herself with a distinguished air, and negligently surveyed the lady from head to foot.

The lady, recovering herself quickly—for it was Mrs. Merdle and she was not easily dashed—went on to add that she trusted, in saying this, she apologised for her boldness, and restored this well-behaved landlord to the favor that was so very valuable to him. Mr. Dorrit, on the altar of whose dignity all this was incense, made a gracious reply; and said that his people should—ha—countermmand his horses, and he would—hum—overlook what he had at first supposed to be an affront, but now regarded as an honor. Upon this, the bosom bent to him; and its owner, with a wonderful command of feature, addressed a winning smile of adieu to the two sisters, as young ladies of fortune in whose favor she was much prepossessed, and whom she had never had the gratification of seeing before.

Not so, however, Mr. Sparkler. This gentleman, becoming transfixed at the same moment as his lady-mother, could not by any means unfix himself again, but stood stiffly staring at the whole composition with Miss Fanny in the foreground. On his mother's saying, "Edmund, we are quite ready; will you give me your arm?" he seemed, by the motion of his lips, to reply with some remark comprehending the form of words in which his shining talents found the most frequent utterance, but he relaxed no muscle. So fixed was his figure, that it would have been matter of some difficulty to bend him sufficiently to get him in the carriage door, if he had not received the timely assistance of a maternal pull from within. He was no sooner within, than the pad of the little window in the back of the chariot disappeared, and his eye usurped its place. There it remained as long as so small an object was discernible, and probably much longer, staring (as though something inexpressibly surprising should happen to a cod-fish) like an ill-executed eye in a large locket.

This encounter was so highly agreeable to Miss Fanny, and gave her so much to think of with triumph afterwards, that it softened her asperities exceedingly. When the procession was again in motion next

day, she occupied her place in it with a new gaiety; and showed such a flow of spirits indeed, that Mrs. General looked rather surprised.

Little Dorrit was glad to be found no fault with, and to see that Fanny was pleased; but her part in the procession was a musing part, and a quiet one. Sitting opposite her father in the travelling-carriage, and recalling the old Marshalsea room, her present existence was a dream. All that she saw was new and wonderful, but it was not real; it seemed to her as if those visions of mountains and picturesque countries might melt away at any moment, and the carriage, turning some abrupt corner, bring up with a jolt at the old Marshalsea gate.

To have no work to do was strange, but not half so strange as having glided into a corner where she had no one to think for, nothing to plan and contrive, no cares of others to load herself with. Stranger as that was, it was far stranger yet to find a space between herself and her father, where others occupied themselves in taking care of him, and where she was never expected to be. At first, this was so much more unlike her old experience than even the mountains themselves, that she had been unable to resign herself to it, and had tried to retain her old place about him. But he had spoken to her alone, and had said that people—ha—people in an exalted position, my dear, must scrupulously exact respect from their dependents; and that for her, his daughter, Miss Amy Dorrit, of the sole remaining branch of the Dorrits of Dorsetshire, to be known to—hum—to occupy herself in fulfilling the functions of—ha hum—a valet, would be incompatible with that respect. Therefore, my dear, he—ha—he laid his parental injunctions upon her, to remember that she was a lady, who had now to conduct herself with—hum—a proper pride, and to preserve the rank of a lady; and consequently he requested her to abstain from doing what would occasion—ha—unpleasant and derogatory remarks. She had obeyed without a murmur. Thus it had been brought about that she now sat in her corner of the luxurious carriage with her little patient hands folded before her, quite displaced even from the last point of the old standing-ground in life on which her feet had lingered.

It was from this position that all she saw appeared unreal; the more surprising the scenes, the more they resembled the unreality of her own inner life as she went through its vacant places all day long. The gorges of the Simplon, its enormous depths and thundering waterfalls, the wonderful road, the points of danger where a loose wheel or a faltering horse would have been destruction, the descent into Italy, the opening of that beautiful land, as the rugged mountain-chasm widened and let them out from a gloomy and dark imprisonment—all a dream—only the old mean Marshalsea a reality. Nay, even the old mean Marshalsea was shaken to its foundations, when she pictured it without her father. She could scarcely believe that the prisoners were still lingering in the close yard, that the mean rooms were still every one tenanted, and that the turnkey still stood in the Lodge letting people in and out, all just as she well knew it to be.

With a remembrance of her father's old life in prison hanging about her like the burden of a sorrowful tune, Little Dorrit would wake from a dream of her birth-place into a whole day's dream. The painted room in which she awoke, often a humbled state-chamber in a

dilapidated palace, would begin it; with its wild red autumnal vine-leaves overhanging the glass, its orange trees on the cracked white terrace outside the window, a group of monks and peasants in the little street below, misery and magnificence wrestling with each other upon every rood of ground in the prospect, no matter how widely diversified, and misery throwing magnificence with the strength of fate. To this would succeed a labyrinth of bare passages and pillared galleries, with the family procession already preparing in the quadrangle below, through the carriages and luggage being brought together by the servants for the day's journey. Then, breakfast in another painted chamber, damp-stained and of desolate proportions; and then the departure, which, to her timidity and sense of not being grand enough for her place in the ceremonies, was always an uneasy thing. For, then the courier (who himself would have been a foreign gentleman of high mark in the Marshalsea) would present himself to report that all was ready; and then her father's valet would pompously induct him into his travelling cloak; and then Fanny's maid, and her own maid (who was a weight on Little Dorrit's mind—absolutely made her cry at first, she knew so little what to do with her), would be in attendance; and then her brother's man would complete his master's equipment; and then her father would give his arm to Mrs. General, and her uncle would give his to her, and, escorted by the landlord and Inn servants, they would swoop down stairs. There, a crowd would be collected to see them enter their carriages, which, amidst much bowing, and begging, and prancing, and lashing, and clattering, they would do; and so they would be driven madly through the narrow unsavoury streets, and jerked out at the town gate.

Among the day's unrealities would be, roads where the bright red vines were looped and garlanded together on trees for many miles; woods of olives; white villages and towns on hill-sides, lovely without, but frightful in their dirt and poverty within; crosses by the way; deep blue lakes with fairy islands, and clustering boats with awnings of bright colors and sails of beautiful forms; vast piles of building mouldering to dust; hanging-gardens where the weeds had grown so strong that their stems, like wedges driven home, had split the arch and rent the wall; stone-terraced lanes, with the lizards running into and out of every chink; beggars of all sorts everywhere: pitiful, picturesque, hungry, merry: children beggars and aged beggars. Often at posting-houses, and other halting places, these miserable creatures would appear to her the only realities of the day; and many a time, when the money she had brought to give them was all given away, she would sit with her folded hands, thoughtfully looking after some diminutive girl leading her grey father, as if the sight reminded her of something in the days that were gone.

Again, there would be places where they stayed the week together, in splendid rooms, had banquets every day, rode out among heaps of wonders, walked through miles of palaces, and rested in dark corners of great churches; where there were winking lamps of gold and silver among pillars and arches, kneeling figures dotted about at confessionals and on the pavements; where there was the mist and scent of incense; where there were pictures, fantastic images, gaudy altars,

great heights and distances, all softly lighted through stained glass, and the massive curtains that hung in the doorways. From these cities, they would go on again, by the roads of vines and olives, through squalid villages where there was not a hovel without a gap in its filthy walls, not a window with a whole inch of glass or paper; where there seemed to be nothing to support life, nothing to eat, nothing to make, nothing to grow, nothing to hope, nothing to do but die.

Again they would come to whole towns of palaces, whose proper inmates were all banished, and which were all changed into barracks: troops of idle soldiers leaning out of the state-windows, where their accoutrements hung drying on the marble architecture, and shewing to the mind like hosts of rats who were (happily) eating away the props of the edifices that supported them, and must soon, with them, be smashed on the heads of the other swarms of soldiers, and the swarms of priests, and the swarms of spies, who were all the ill-looking population left to be ruined, in the streets below.

Through such scenes, the family procession moved on to Venice. And here it dispersed for a time, as they were to live in Venice some few months, in a palace (itself six times as big as the whole Marshalsea) on the Grand Canal.

In this crowning unreality, where all the streets were paved with water, and where the deathlike stillness of the days and nights was broken by no sound but the softened ringing of church-bells, the rippling of the current, and the cry of the gondoliers turning the corners of the flowing streets, Little Dorrit, quite lost by her task being done, sat down to muse. The family began a gay life, went here and there, and turned night into day; but, she was timid of joining in their gaieties, and only asked leave to be left alone.

Sometimes she would step into one of the gondolas that were always kept in waiting, moored to painted posts at the door—when she could escape from the attendance of that oppressive maid, who was her mistress, and a very hard one—and would be taken all over the strange city. Social people in other gondolas began to ask each other who the little solitary girl was whom they passed, sitting in her boat with folded hands, looking so pensively and wonderingly about her. Never thinking that it would be worth anybody's while to notice her or her doings, Little Dorrit, in her quiet, scared, lost manner, went about the city none the less.

But, her favorite station was the balcony of her own room, overhanging the canal, with other balconies below, and none above. It was of massive stone darkened by ages, built in a wild fancy which came from the East to that collection of wild fancies; and Little Dorrit was little indeed, leaning on the broad-cushioned ledge, and looking over. As she liked no place of an evening half so well, she soon began to be watched for, and many eyes in passing gondolas were raised, and many people said, There was the little figure of the English girl who was always alone.

Such people were not realities to the little figure of the English girl; such people were all unknown to her. She would watch the sunset, in its long low lines of purple and red, and its burning flush high up into

the sky: so glowing on the buildings, and so lightening their structure, that it made them look as if their strong walls were transparent, and they shone from within. She would watch those glories expire; and then, after looking at the black gondolas underneath, taking guests to music and dancing, would raise her eyes to the shining stars. Was there no party of her own, in other times, on which the stars had shone? To think of that old gate now!

She would think of that old gate, and of herself sitting at it in the dead of the night, pillowing Maggy's head; and of other places and of other scenes associated with those different times. And then she would lean upon her balcony, and look over at the water, as though they all lay underneath it. When she got to that, she would musingly watch its running, as if, in the general vision, it might run dry, and show her the prison again, and herself, and the old room, and the old inmates, and the old visitors: all lasting realities that had never changed.

CHAPTER IV.

A LETTER FROM LITTLE DORRIT.

DEAR MR. CLENNAM.

I write to you from my own room at Venice, thinking you will be glad to hear from me. But I know you cannot be so glad to hear from me, as I am to write to you; for every thing about you is as you have been accustomed to see it, and you miss nothing—unless it should be me, which can only be for a very little while together and very seldom—while everything in my life is so strange, and I miss so much.

When we were in Switzerland, which appears to have been years ago, though it was only weeks, I met young Mrs. Gowan, who was on a mountain excursion like ourselves. She told me she was very well and very happy. She sent you the message, by me, that she thanked you affectionately and would never forget you. She was quite confiding with me, and I loved her almost as soon as I spoke to her. But there is nothing singular in that; who could help loving so beautiful and winning a creature! I could not wonder at any one loving her. No, indeed.

It will not make you uneasy on Mrs. Gowan's account, I hope—for I remember that you said you had the interest of a true friend in her—if I tell you that I wish she could have married some one better suited to her. Mr. Gowan seems fond of her, and of course she is very fond of him, but I thought he was not earnest enough—I don't mean in that respect—I mean in anything. I could not keep it out of my mind that if I was Mrs. Gowan (what a change that would be, and how I must alter to become like her!) I should feel that I was rather lonely and lost, for the want of some one who was steadfast and firm in purpose. I even thought she felt this want a little, almost without knowing it. But mind you are not made uneasy by this, for she was "very well and very happy." And she looked most beautiful.

I expect to meet her again before long, and indeed have been ex-

pecting for some days past to see her here. I will ever be as good a friend to her as I can for your sake. Dear Mr. Clennam, I dare say you think little of having been a friend to me when I had no other (not that I have any other now, for I have made no new friends), but I think much of it, and I never can forget it.

I wish I knew—but it is best for no one to write to me—how Mr. and Mrs. Plornish prosper in the business which my dear father bought for them, and that old Mr. Nandy lives happily with them and his two grandchildren, and sings all his songs over and over again. I cannot quite keep back the tears from my eyes when I think of my poor Maggy, and of the blank she must have felt at first, however kind they all are to her, without her Little Mother. Will you go and tell her, as a strict secret, with my love, that she never can have regretted our separation more than I have regretted it? And will you tell them all that I have thought of them every day, and that my heart is faithful to them everywhere? O, if you could know how faithful, you would almost pity me for being so far away and being so grand!

You will be glad, I am sure, to know that my dear father is very well in health, and that all these changes are highly beneficial to him, and that he is very different indeed from what he used to be when you used to see him. There is an improvement in my uncle too, I think, though he never complained of old, and never exults now. Fanny is very graceful, quick, and clever. It is natural to her to be a lady; she has adapted herself to our new fortunes, with wonderful ease.

This reminds me that I have not been able to do so, and that I sometimes almost despair of ever being able to do so. I find that I cannot learn. Mrs. General is always with us, and we speak French and speak Italian, and she takes pains to form us in many ways. When I say we speak French and Italian, I mean they do. As for me, I am so slow that I scarcely get on at all. As soon as I begin to plan, and think, and try, all my planning, thinking, and trying go in old directions, and I begin to feel careful again about the expenses of the day, and about my dear father, and about my work, and then I remember with a start that there are no such cares left, and that in itself is so new and improbable that it sets me wandering again. I should not have the courage to mention this to any one but you.

It is the same with all these new countries and wonderful sights. They are very beautiful, and they astonish me, but I am not collected enough—not familiar enough with myself, if you can quite understand what I mean—to have all the pleasure in them that I might have. What I knew before them, blends with them, too, so curiously. For instance, when we were among the mountains, I often felt (I hesitate to tell such an idle thing, dear Mr. Clennam, even to you), as if the Marshalsea must be behind that great rock; or as if Mrs. Clennam's room where I have worked so many days, and where I first saw you, must be just beyond that snow. Do you remember one night when I came with Maggy to your lodging in Covent Garden? That room I have often and often fancied I have seen before me, travelling along for miles by the side of our carriage, when I have looked out of the carriage window after dark. We were shut out that night, and sat at

the iron gate, and walked about till morning. I often look up at the stars, even from the balcony of this room, and believe that I am in the street again, shut out with Maggy. It is the same with people that I left in England. When I go about here in a gondola, I surprise myself looking into other gondolas as if I hoped to see them. It would overcome me with joy to see them, but I don't think it would surprise me much, at first. In my fanciful times, I fancy that they might be anywhere; and I almost expect to see their dear faces on the bridges or the quays.

Another difficulty that I have will seem very strange to you. It must seem very strange to any one but me, and does even to me: I often feel the old sad pity for—I need not write the word—for him. Changed as he is, and inexpressibly blest and thankful as I always am to know it, the old sorrowful feeling of compassion comes upon me sometimes with such strength, that I want to put my arms round his neck, tell him how I love him, and cry a little on his breast. I should be glad after that, and proud and happy. But I know that I must not do this; that he would not like it, that Fanny would be angry, that Mrs. General would be amazed; and so I quiet myself. Yet in doing so, I struggle with the feeling that I have come to be at a distance from him; and that even in the midst of all the servants and attendants, he is deserted, and in want of me.

Dear Mr. Clennam, I have written a great deal about myself, but I must write a little more still, or what I wanted most of all to say in this weak letter would be left out of it. In all these foolish thoughts of mine, which I have been so hardy as to confess to you because I know you will understand me if anybody can, and will make more allowance for me than anybody else would if you cannot—in all these thoughts, there is one thought scarcely ever—never—out of my memory, and that is that I hope you sometimes, in a quiet moment, have a thought for me. I must tell you that as to this, I have felt, ever since I have been away, an anxiety which I am very very anxious to relieve. I have been afraid that you may think of me in a new light, or a new character. Don't do that, I could not bear that—it would make me more unhappy than you can suppose. It would break my heart to believe that you thought of me in any way that would make me stranger to you, than I was when you were so good to me. What I have to pray and entreat of you is, that you will never think of me as the daughter of a rich person; that you will never think of me as dressing any better, or living any better, than when you first knew me. That you will remember me only as the little shabby girl you protected with so much tenderness, from whose threadbare dress you have kept away the rain, and whose wet feet you have dried at your fire. That you will think of me (when you think of me at all), and of my true affection and devoted gratitude, always, without change, as of

Your poor child,

LITTLE DORRIT.

P.S.—Particularly remember that you are not to be uneasy about Mrs. Gowan. Her words were, "Very well and very happy." And she looked most beautiful.

IMPORTANT FAMILY MEDICINE.

NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS,

THE

MOST CERTAIN PRESERVER OF HEALTH,

A MILD, YET SPEEDY, SAFE, AND

EFFECTUAL AID IN CASES OF INDIGESTION,

AND ALL STOMACH COMPLAINTS,

AND, AS A NATURAL CONSEQUENCE,

PURIFIER OF THE BLOOD, AND A SWEETENER OF THE WHOLE SYSTEM.

INDIGESTION is a weakness or want of power in the digestive juices in the stomach to convert what we eat and drink into healthy matter, for the proper nourishment of the whole system. It is caused by everything which weakens the system in general, or the stomach in particular. From it proceed nearly all the diseases to which we are liable; for it is very certain, that if we could always keep the stomach right we should never die by old age or accident. Indigestion produces a great variety of unpleasant sensations: amongst the most prominent of its miserable effects are a want of, or an inordinately increased, appetite, sometimes attended with a constant craving for drink, a distension or swelling of enlargement of the stomach, flatulency, heartburn, pains in the stomach, acidity, unpleasant taste in the mouth, perhaps sickness, rumbling noise in the bowels: in some cases of depraved digestion there is nearly a complete disrelish for food, but still the appetite is not greatly impaired, as at the period of meals persons so afflicted can eat heartily, although without much gratification; a long train of nervous symptoms are frequent attendants, general debility, languidness, and incapacity for exertion.

The minds of persons so afflicted frequently become irritable and desponding. A great anxiety is observable in the countenance; they appear thoughtful, melancholy, and dejected, under great apprehension of some imaginary danger, will start at any unexpected noise or occurrence, and become so agitated that they require some time to calm and collect themselves; yet for the mind is exhilarated without much

difficulty; pleasing events, society, will for a time dissipate all appearance of disease; but the excitement produced by an agreeable change vanishes soon after the cause has gone by. Other symptoms are, violent palpitations, restlessness, the sleep disturbed by frightful dreams and startings, and affording little or no refreshment; occasionally there is much moaning, with a sense of weight and oppression upon the chest, nightmare, &c.

It is almost impossible to enumerate all the symptoms of this first invader upon the constitution, as in a hundred cases of *Indigestion* there will probably be something peculiar to each; but, be they what they may, they are all occasioned by the food becoming a burden rather than a support to the stomach; and in all its stages the medicine most wanted is that which will afford speedy and effectual assistance to the digestive organs, and give energy to the nervous and muscular systems,—nothing can more speedily or with more certainty effect so desirable an object than *Norton's Extract of Camomile Flowers*. The herb has from time immemorial been highly esteemed in England as a grateful anodyne, imparting an aromatic bitter to the taste, and a pleasing degree of warmth and strength to the stomach; and in all cases of indigestion, gout in the stomach, windy colic, and general weakness, it has for ages been strongly recommended by the most eminent practitioners as very useful and beneficial. The great, indeed only, objection to its use has been the large quantity of water which it takes to dissolve a small part of the flowers and which must be taken with it into the

stomach. It requires a quarter of a pint of boiling water to dissolve the soluble portion of one drachm of Camomile Flowers; and, when one or even two ounces may be taken with advantage, it must at once be seen how impossible it is to take a proper dose of this wholesome herb in the form of tea; and the only reason why it has not long since been placed the very first in rank of all restorative medicines is, that in taking it the stomach has always been loaded with water, which tends in a great measure to counteract, and very frequently wholly to destroy the effect. It must be evident that loading a weak stomach with a large quantity of water, merely for the purpose of conveying into it a small quantity of medicine must be injurious; and that the medicine must possess powerful renovating properties only to counteract the bad effects likely to be produced by the water. Generally speaking, this has been the case with Camomile Flowers, a herb possessing the highest restorative qualities, and when properly taken, decidedly the most speedy restorer, and the most certain preserver of health.

These PILLS are wholly CAMOMILE, prepared by a peculiar process, accidentally discovered, and known only to the proprietor, and which he firmly believes to be one of the most valuable modern discoveries in medicine, by which all the essential and extractive matter of more than an ounce of the flowers is concentrated in four moderate-sized pills. Experience has afforded the most ample proof that they possess all the fine aromatic and stomachic properties for which the herb has been esteemed; and, as they are taken into the stomach unencumbered by any diluting or indigestible substance, in the same degree has their benefit been more immediate and decided. Mild in their operation and pleasant in their effect, they may be taken at any age, and under any circumstance, without danger or inconvenience. A person exposed to cold and wet a whole day or night could not possibly receive any injury from taking them, but, on the contrary, they would effectually prevent a cold being taken. After a long acquaintance with and strict observance of the medicinal properties of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, it is only doing them justice to say, that they are really the most valuable of all Tonic Medicines. By the word tonic is meant a medicine which

gives strength to the stomach sufficient to digest in proper quantities all wholesome food, which increases the power of every nerve and muscle of the human body, or, in other words, invigorates the nervous and muscular systems. The solidity or firmness of the whole tissue of the body which quickly follows the use of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, their certain and speedy effects in repairing the partial dilapidations from time, intemperance, and their lasting salutary influence on the whole frame, is most convincing, that in the smallest compass is contained the largest quantity of the tonic principle, of so peculiar a nature as to pervade the whole system, through which it diffuses health and strength sufficient to resist the formation of disease, and also to fortify the constitution against contagion; as such, the general use is strongly recommended as a preventative during the prevalence of malarious fever or other infectious diseases, and to persons attending sick rooms they are invaluable, as in no one instance have they failed in preventing the taking of illness, even under the most trying circumstances.

As *Norton's Camomile Pills* are particularly recommended for all stomach complaints or indigestion, it will probably be expected that some advice should be given respecting diet, though after all that has been written upon the subject, after the publication of volume upon volume, after the course has, as it were, been inundated with practical essays on diet, as a means of prolonging life, it would be unnecessary to say more. We did not feel it our duty to make a humble endeavour of inducing the public to regard them not, but to adopt that course which is dictated by nature, by reason, and by common sense. Those persons who study the wholesomes, and are governed by the opinions of writers on diet, are uniformly both unhealthy in body and weak in mind. There can be no doubt that the palate is designed to inform us what is proper for the stomach, and of course that must best instruct us what food to take and what to avoid: we want no other adviser. Nothing can be more clear than that those articles which are agreeable to the taste were by nature intended for our food and sustenance, whether liquid or solid, foreign or of native production: if they are pure and unadulterated, no harm need be dreaded by the

use; they will only injure by abuse. Consequently, whatever the palate approves, eat and drink always in moderation, but never in excess; keeping in mind that the first process of digestion is performed in the mouth, the second in the stomach; and that, in order that the stomach may be able to do its work properly, it is requisite the first process should be well performed; this consists in masticating or chewing the solid food, so as to break down and separate the fibres and small substances of meat and vegetable, mixing them well, and blending the whole together before they are swallowed; and it is particularly urged upon all to take plenty of time to their meals and never eat in haste. If you conform to this short and simple, but comprehensive advice, and find that there are various things which others eat and drink with pleasure and without inconvenience, and which would be pleasant to yourself only that they disagree, you may once conclude that the fault is in the stomach, that it does not possess the power which it ought to do, that it wants assistance, and the sooner that assistance is afforded the better. A very short trial of this medicine will best prove how soon it will exert the stomach in a condition to perform even in case all the work which nature intends for it. By its use you will soon be able to enjoy, in moderation, whatever is agreeable to the taste, and unable to name one irritating article of food which disagrees with your stomach. Never forget that a small meal well digested affords more nourishment to the system than a large one, even of the same food, when digested imperfectly. Let the dish be ever so delicious, ever so enticing a variety offered, the study ever so enchanting, never forget that temperance tends to preserve health, and health is the soul of enjoyment. But it is an impropriety be at any time, or ever is often committed, by which the stomach becomes overloaded or disordered, render it the immediate aid by taking a dose of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, which will so promptly as-

sist in carrying off the burden thus imposed upon it that all will soon be right again.

It is most certainly true that every person in his lifetime consumes a quantity of noxious matter, which if taken at one meal would be fatal: it is these small quantities of noxious matter, which are introduced into our food, either by accident or wilful adulteration, which we find so often upset the stomach, and not unfrequently lay the foundation of illness, and perhaps final ruination to health. To preserve the constitution, it should be our constant care, if possible, to counteract the effect of these small quantities of unwholesome matter; and whenever, in that way, an enemy to the constitution finds its way into the stomach, a friend should be immediately sent after it, which would prevent its mischievous effects, and expel it altogether; no better friend can be found, nor one which will perform the task with greater certainty than **NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS**. And let it be observed that the longer this medicine is taken the less it will be wanted; it can in no case become habitual, as its entire action is to give energy and force to the stomach, which is the spring of life, the source from which the whole frame draws its succour and support. After an excess of eating or drinking, and upon every occasion of the general health being at all disturbed, these **PILLS** should be immediately taken, as they will stop and eradicate disease at its commencement. Indeed, it is most confidently asserted, that by the timely use of this medicine only, and a common degree of caution, any person may enjoy all the comforts within his reach, may pass through life without an illness, and with the certainty of attaining a healthy **OLD AGE**.

On account of their volatile properties, they must be kept in bottles; and if closely corked their qualities are neither impaired by time nor injured by any change of climate whatever. Price 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. and 2s.9d. each, with full directions. The large bottle contains the quantity of three small ones, or **PILLS** equal to fourteen ounces of **CAMOMILE FLOWERS**.

Sold by nearly all respectable Medicine Vendors.

Be particular to ask for "NORTON'S PILLS," and do not be persuaded to purchase an imitation.

A CLEAR COMPLEXION.

GODFREY'S EXTRACT OF ELDER FLOWERS

is strongly recommended for Softening, Improving, Beautifying, and Preserving the SKIN, and giving it a blooming and charming appearance; being at once a most fragrant perfume and delightful cosmetic. It will completely remove Tan, Sunburn, Redness, &c.; and, by its Balsamic and Healing qualities, render the skin soft, pliable, and free from dryness, scurf, &c.; clear it from every humour, pimple, or eruption; and, by continuing its use only a short time, the skin will become and continue soft and smooth, and the complexion perfectly clear and beautiful. In the process of shaving it is invaluable, as it allays the irritation and smarting pain, annihilates every pimple and all roughness, and renders the skin smooth and firm. It protects the skin from the effects of the cold winds and damp atmosphere which prevail during the winter months, and will be found beyond all praise to use as a Family Lotion on all occasions.

Sold in Bottles, price 2s. 9d. with Directions for using it, by all
Medicine Vendors and Perfumers.

A CURE FOR GOUT AND RHEUMATISM.

"The Eighth Plague," said the learned Dr. Johnson, *"is the Gout, and that man who discovers a Medicine to alleviate its torments deserves well of his country; but he who can effect a cure should have a Monument raised to his memory as high as St. Paul's, as wide as the Thames, and as lasting as time."*

SIMCO'S GOUT AND RHEUMATIC PILLS

are sold by nearly all Medicine Vendors at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per Box; the former containing doses for five, and the latter for fifteen days; and so many individuals, who considered themselves martyrs to Gout or Rheumatism, are now ready and willing to bear testimony of the wonderful effects of Simco's Pills, that the Proprietor fearlessly challenges the whole world to produce a Medicine which at all deserves to be compared to them. There are many instances in which persons have been completely restored to health and activity by taking Simco's Gout PILLS, who have suffered from Rheumatic Gout for several years, and had drawn on a miserable existence, having lost the use of their limbs, believing that death alone could terminate their sufferings.

Whilst taking the Pills, no particular rules or restrictions are necessary, as they are warranted not to contain any preparation of Mercury whatever; they seldom produce perspiration, purging, or sickness, but invariably improve the general health, sharpen the appetite, and facilitate digestion. Those periodically subject to Gout, Rheumatic Gout, Rheumatic Fever, &c., should keep these Pills by them, as by their timely use an approaching attack may always be averted, and the tendency of these complaints to attack a vital part be effectually counteracted.

INFLUENZA, COUGHS, AND COLDS.

SIMCO'S ESSENCE OF LINSEED

is the most efficacious remedy ever discovered for the relief of persons suffering from Influenza; the first two doses generally arrest the progress of this distressing complaint, and a little perseverance completely removes it. Children's Coughs, as well as recent ones in Adults, will be removed by a few doses (frequently by the first); and Asthmatic persons, who previously had not been able to lie down in bed, have received the utmost benefit from the use of

SIMCO'S ESSENCE OF LINSEED.

Sold in Bottles at 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. each.

MORISON'S VEGETABLE UNIVERSAL MEDICINES.

CONDENSED PHILOSOPHY OF HYGEISM.

1. All animal bodies consist of fluids and solids.
2. The fluids in the human body, are many times more in weight than the solids, over which they, the fluids, according to their condition, exercise an all-comprehensive, influential, and resistless control, either for bodily good or evil.
3. While in a state of embryo, all animals are formed by, and from the blood of the parent, the blood being the constituting principle of the body; or, indeed, the *true constitution*.
4. During life, the solids continue to be formed and supported by the same fluid, so that their state, and the condition of their functions, depend entirely on the quality of the blood—hence the basis of the humoral pathology taught and proclaimed by Morison; and now adopted by a great many of the Profession.
5. The blood, the chief of the fluids, from which they are all derived, is the first living, governing, and forming agent; is the life of the flesh, the source of all its substance, all its vital functions, as well as of all nervous and muscular energy.
6. The blood not only forms, repairs, nourishes, sustains, and gives acting power to every organ of the human machine;—it also takes up its daily decaying matter, to throw it partly into the intestinal canal, and partly to expel it from the body by the skin, the kidneys, the lungs, &c.—hence the blood is both a *cleansing and nourishing fluid*!
7. Health, as a general principle, depends upon the purity of the blood; and disease upon its impurity. Whatever the state of the flesh, or solids of the body is, may be regarded as equivalent to the state of the blood, from which they are all formed; and by which they are, even in a healthy state, daily decomposed, and again daily built up with new blood.
8. The nerves, muscles, bones, organs, &c., cannot keep themselves in a right or healthy state, nor put themselves into a wrong or diseased one, simply because they possess no independent power to alter their own functions, or change their own substance,—their *whole condition* being entirely *passive*, and completely under the vital control and influence of the blood, from which they derive all their acting power, and without which, the SOLIDS ARE INERT AND DEAD.
9. The purity of the blood, partly depends upon its having free outlets, for all the waste matter of the body; and partly, on the correct functional power of all its organs, *especially the stomach, liver, bowels, and lungs*.*
10. Impure blood is occasioned by hereditary taints, by contagion, by checked perspiration, by

whatever disorders the circulation and digestion, by want of exercise, by too great fatigue, by bad air, water, and food; by the use of alcohol and other medical poisons; by bleeding, by ill-governed tempers and passions, by immorality—all of which injure and contaminate the blood, generally derange the secretions, and sooner or later impair health.

11. The impurities thus produced by all these causes, when detained in the blood, occasion every species of disease, according to the *quality* of the humour (which is exceedingly various), or the *particular locality* in which it is lodged.

12. Disease is frequently occasioned by glary morbid mucus, coating the inner lining of the intestines, thereby choking up the mouths of the excretory vessels that would otherwise pour out their waste contents into the bowels; also by coating the inner parts of the blood-vessels, &c., or some particular parts thereof, thereby obstructing the circulation of the fluids; and producing by such obstruction and deposition of morbid humours, local disease of some of the organs, or other portions of the body.

13. It may be fairly inferred, that as all diseases proceed from *one* common source, morbid humours, they may be cured by any *one* system, or any *one* medicine, that has the power of expelling these humours from the body, admitting, at the same time, the necessity of obeying the physical and moral laws.

15. As the office of such medicine is to expel morbid humours from the body, it must, therefore, be purgative, digestible, innoxious, yet powerful and of necessity chosen from the vegetable world.

16. The medicine being digested, consequently enters into the blood, and imparts to it a cleansing quality, by which it loosens, and raises up all morbid humours, retained in any part of the body whatever, expelling them from the same, by all the excretory organs, thus restoring the blood to purity and the patient to health. The purging of the whole body by the blood itself, is the true and natural system of purgation, and not merely purging by the bowels.*

17. The discovery of a *vegetable medicine*, or *vegetable compound*, capable of being digested, and mixing with the blood, so as to impart to it the energy requisite for ridding the body of all *superfluous* humours, was an invaluable desideratum.

18. This great discovery, efficient in its nature—so far as efficiency can be predicated of things human, imperfect, and perishing—was made by JAMES MORISON, the Hygeist, in the composition of the *Vegetable Universal Medicine* of the British College of Health, Hamilton Place, New Road, London. Established 1828.

* Whatever influence oxygen, and electricity, exercise on the body externally and internally, it is presumed they act in conjunction with, and in subordination to the blood, the life of the flesh.

* Some of the Hydropathic writers, as Dr. E. Johnson, teach the same truth.

General Directions for the use of Morison the Hygeist's Medicines.

Thirty years' use of these Medicines by the public, has proved their efficacy and virtues, and the truth of Mr. Morison's theory as to the cure of diseases. Being composed only of Vegetable Matter or Medicinal Herbs, they are found by EXPERIENCE AND JUDICIOUS USE to be HARMLESS TO THE MOST TENDER AGE, or the weakest frame, under every stage of human suffering; the most pleasant and benign in their operation ever offered to the world; and at the same time, the most certain in searching out the root of any complaint, however deep, and of performing a cure, if within the reach of human means.

The Medicines consist of three sorts, tending to the same purpose—that is, to cleanse and purify the blood and fluids. They are named:—

No. 1 Pills,

No. 2 Pills.

The Vegetable Aperient Powder.

The effect of these Medicines is to produce FREE AND COPIOUS EVACUATIONS. Being composed of innocuous ingredients, no fear need be entertained of LARGE DOSES. Experience has pointed out the following as a proper method of using the Medicine at first. In all slow and chronic disorders, when instantaneous relief cannot be expected, begin with No. 1, taking from four to six at bed-time. The next night take a similar dose of No. 2. If the Medicine does not operate EASILY and COPIOUSLY by eight o'clock in the morning, the next night increase the dose one, two, or more pills, which will secure the desired effect. You may eat and drink what you please, spirituous liquors excepted, and need not be apprehensive of catching cold. Should No. 2 occasion thirst or retching towards the morning, it is chiefly a sign that the Medicine is acting upon the corrupt acrimonious humours. In this case the Aperient Powder, or any plain warm drink would be useful.

In acute and violent disorders, such as fevers of all kinds, pleurisies, inflammations, hooping-cough, measles, small-pox,

apoplexy, epilepsy, faintings, colic, indigestion, take of No. 2 from ten to fifteen pills, or even more. The dose may in most cases be repeated every twelve hours, till relief be insured.

Children under 12 years of age may begin with two pills, but if they do not operate freely, increase them until they do. Nos. 1 and 2 should be used alternately, where immediate relief cannot be expected.

The Vegetable Aperient Powder has a very pleasant acidulated flavour; and it much assists the action of the pills. A quarter of a box should be mixed in water, and taken twice a day.

Full directions for the use of Morison's Medicines may be summed up in a few words: Diseases of long standing require perseverance; acute diseases large doses; all cases that are both acute and chronic perseverance with large doses, until the acute affection is removed; and this is to be succeeded by the use of both kinds according to their effects, until the disease gradually disappears.

It is highly important that parties taking these medicines should make use of no other at the same time. The British College of Health will not be responsible for the consequences which may follow the administration of drugs having a tendency to counteract or suspend the operation of the Vegetable Universal Medicine.

Patients will please to observe that should any flying pins occur they are merely caused by the action of the Medicine upon the bilious and other foul matter; which will immediately subside upon a passage being obtained; and should the person be subject to flatulence, the "VEGETABLE POWDER" will greatly assist in expelling it.

All persons making use of the medicine, are referred to Mr. Morison's works, and others which are to be had from the Agents.

CAUTION.

Notice is hereby given, That no Chemist or Druggist is authorised to sell Morison's Medicines. They are only to be had of the appointed Agents. See that the words "MORISON'S UNIVERSAL MEDICINES," are engraved on the Government stamps, in white letters upon a red ground, without which none are genuine.

As a further guarantee against the numerous counterfeits of "Morison's Universal Medicines," Messrs. MORISON have caused to be printed on labels affixed to the small and 2s. 9d. boxes, the following words:—"British College of Health, Hamilton Place, New-road, London."

N.B.—A duly appointed Agent may be found in almost every Town or Village throughout the Empire. In places where there are no Agents, parties may, on sending a Post Office Order to the British College of Health, New Road, London, have the Medicine forwarded by Post.

The Hygeian System is opposed to bleeding, and the use of all poisons, and narcotics as medicine. Its simplicity makes it easily comprehended and applied by all who choose to give it a short course of study and practice; hence its great suitability to the common wants of society. A system so simple, requires neither colleges nor licenses to teach and authorize it. The old system, from its complexity, difficulty, obscurity, and contradiction, may require such warrants, but not the Hygeian one, at once simple, natural, harmonious, and comprehensive.

To be had from the Agents, "Morisoniana," abridged, price 6d.;—"The Hygeist, or Medical Reformer," and "The Scottish Herald of Health, Temperance, and Freedom," monthly periodicals, 1d. each; a Lecture on the Medical Liberty of the Subject, on the Hygeian System of Disease and Medicine; and containing a reply to the attacks of Hydropathists on this System, price 2d.; and also other important tracts and cases of cure. By inclosing in a letter six stamps for the first work, two for each of the periodicals, and three for the Lecture, addressed to The British College of Health, New Road, London, they will be sent to any address, post free.

Sold in Boxes at 7½d., 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and Family Packets 11s. each, and the Vegetable Aperient Powder, 1s. 1½d. per Box.

London: Printed by John Loftis, 262, Strand.

WILL BE READY WITH THE MAGAZINES FOR NOVEMBER, PRICE SIXPENCE,

CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED ALMANACK, FOR 1857.

THIS ALMANACK will be found to surpass all its predecessors in the completeness of its information and the beauty of its Illustrations. The CALENDAR will be arranged on a new plan, by which all the information appropriate to each month may be obtained at a glance. The ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS will include Twelve Representations of the Dances of All Nations; Twelve Fishing Scenes in Various Parts of the World; Views of the Capture of the Malakhoff; Assault of Kars repulsed by General Williams; Attack on Kinburn; Te Deum at Notre Dame for the Fall of Sebastopol; Return of the Troops from the Crimea; Hall of the Peace Conferences; Burning of Covent Garden Theatre; Naval Review at Spithead, &c. The LITERARY DEPARTMENT will include a Chronicle of the Events of the Year; a Farmers' and Gardeners' Calendar; Articles on Health, Diet, Antidotes to Poisons, and other particulars of Domestic Economy; Lists of the Peers and Members of the House of Commons; of the Sovereigns of Europe; Information for Emigrants, with Table showing the number and population of the different British Colonies; Abstracts of Recent Acts of Parliament; Copious Tables; Foreign Money and Measures; and other matters usual in Almanacks; forming together a remarkable collection of valuable and interesting information.

JOHN CASSELL'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE.

Completion of the First Volume, which is now ready, price 3s. 6d. in cloth boards.

By means of this Publication, issued in Weekly Numbers, THREE HALPENCE each, there is placed within the reach of the humblest individual, and those whose education has been neglected, the means of self-instruction and culture. Each Weekly Number contains 32 pages, demy octavo, with Diagrams. The Course commenced with

"SCIENCE POPULARLY EXPLAINED,"

Embracing 4,000 Questions on various branches of Science, with 4,000 plain and intelligible Answers. The Sciences included are: Matter; its Laws and Properties—Mechanics—The Phenomena of Fluids—Acoustics—Heat—Meteorology—Light—Electricity—Galvanism—Magnetism—Chemistry, Organic and Inorganic—Geology—Mineralogy—The Philosophy of Manufactures—Agricultural and Rural Economy. This may be had complete in one volume, price, in stiff paper covers, 2s. 9d.; or bound in cloth and lettered, 3s. 6d.

"SCIENCE POPULARLY EXPLAINED" is followed by Works of considerable interest and value.—First,—

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE IN ITS ELEMENTS AND FORMS, WITH A HISTORY OF ITS ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENTS.

By Professor W. C. Fowler.

It is impossible, in a brief advertisement, to convey any adequate idea of the design and scope of this portion of "CASSELL'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE." It treats, in most interesting style, of the Historical Elements of the English Language, and then proceeds to describe its various forms, including the Phonetic, Orthographical, Etymological, Logical, Syntactical, Rhetorical, and Poetical, concluding with some very intelligible rules for punctuation; the whole abundantly illustrated with examples from the best writers, and accompanied with numerous questions for Examination; altogether furnishing to the educated, as well as the uneducated, a volume replete with information as to the Origin and History, the Structure and Laws, the Elements and Forms of the English Language, which cannot fail to prove of deep interest and permanent utility.—Second,—

ASTRONOGRAPHY, OR ASTRONOMICAL GEOGRAPHY, WITH THE USE OF THE GLOBES.

This Original Work treats of the Heavenly Bodies, and of the Earth, as composing one of their number, in a series of simple and intelligible Lessons. The object of the author has been to make the work valuable as a book for Reading, as well as for Study: not only to advance the pupils in this one science, but to give strength and accuracy to their reasoning powers, and enlargement to their imaginations, and thus to promote their general improvement. Numerous illustrative Diagrams are given, and Exercises are written in free and conversational style.

In order that the various studies in "CASSELL'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE" may be pursued simultaneously, Sixteen Pages of each are included in each of the Weekly Numbers of Thirty-two Pages. Each Science is pagged independently, so that the Works, when completed, may be bound separately.

LONDON: W. KENT & CO., PATERNOSTER ROW,
AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

READ
CASSELL'S
ILLUSTRATED
FAMILY PAPER,
THE JOURNAL OF THE PEOPLE.

Commencement of a **NEW TALE**, entitled "**PHASES OF LIFE**; or, a
PEEP BEHIND the SCENES," by **J. F. SMITH, Esq.**

WITH NO. 147, TO BE PUBLISHED OCTOBER 7.

The numerous Illustrations are executed in the first style by the first artists, and it is believed that the Literary Matter will be found worthy of the Illustrations. It is JOHN CASSELL'S aim to render the paper as amusing as though no other object were in view, and as instructive as though amusement were not aimed at. The *Tales*, by J. F. SMITH, Esq., Illustrated by T. H. NICHOLSON, Esq., have attained so high a reputation that it is unnecessary to say a word in their favour. The *Scientific Articles* are on subjects of *general interest*, and are written in a popular style. The "*Editor's Column*" gives information on every subject of interest to all who may apply for it, and care is taken that such information shall be complete and exact. The column of *Varieties* is collected from different sources, and is seasoned with examples of genuine Wit and Humour. The short tales and essays are on subjects of real and living interest; and it is intended that they shall be rendered attractive by the style no less than the matter. Every new scheme of social reform, every new movement for the welfare of the people, receives earnest advocacy. Within the last few months the subscribers have been introduced to *Scenes of Life in London*—scenes of poverty and wretchedness and vice, which to imagine is impossible, and to describe is almost to be disbelieved. These are the first of a series which it is intended to continue. CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED FAMILY PAPER is published weekly at ONE PENNY—a price at which such a Journal has never before been produced, and which JOHN CASSELL hopes will place it in the hands of all classes of readers. It may also be had in Monthly Parts, 5d. or 6d. each.

CASSELL'S
ILLUSTRATED
HISTORY OF ENGLAND,
From the Earliest Period to the Present Time.
THE TEXT BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

VOLUME THE FIRST, containing 624 Pages, and upwards of 300 Engraving, will be ready with the January Magazines, Price 6s., bound in Cloth.

This splendid work has obtained a circulation worthy of its intrinsic merits, as well as of the national interest of the subject. Every man who lays claim to education at all, ought at least to be familiar with the history of his own country. Such information has never before been presented in so attractive a form as in the ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF ENGLAND. The number and beauty of the Engravings render it valuable merely as an ornamental work, while the character of the literary matter is vouched for by the name of WILLIAM HOWITT, who has undertaken the History since the reign of Edward II. Occasional chapters are given on the PROGRESS OF THE NATION, dealing with the social life and customs of the people, and illustrated with many curious Engravings, collected from every available source. This great national work, produced in every respect in the first style is published in Weekly Numbers, ONE PENNY each, in Monthly Parts 5d. each, and in Quarterly Sections 1s. 3d. each.

THE MOST INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE VOLUME EVER
PUBLISHED.

A SPLENDID AND APPROPRIATE CHRISTMAS PRESENT OR BIRTHDAY GIFT.

THE CHILD'S EDUCATOR.
(CONDUCTED BY JOHN CASSELL.)

Complete in one large and elegant volume, of 600 pages, crown quarto; embellished with several hundred illustrative Engravings. Price, in cloth, 8s.; or in extra cloth, gilt side and edges, 9s. THE CHILD'S EDUCATOR forms a work of great interest and utility to the Family Circle. The contents are as follows:—Outlines of Botany, by Dr. Scoffern, illustrated with upwards of 200 Engravings; the Natural History of Mammalia, by Mary Howitt, with 125 beautiful Engravings; "Geography for my Children," by Mrs. H. Beecher Stowe, revised and adapted by the English Editor, with seventy-eight Engravings; Physiology, Anatomy, and Health, by Dr. C. Cutler, with eighty Engravings; Astronomy, by J. W. Green, Esq., with 50 Diagrams; Conversations on Common Things, by Mary Howitt; Easy Lessons in French, by Professor de Lolme; an illustrated Arithmetic, with several hundred Illustrations; English Language and Grammar on an entirely new system; Lessons on Electricity and Chemistry, with Diagrams; Chronology, from the earliest period; Explanations of the Terms employed in Arts, Sciences, Discoveries and Inventions, &c. The whole presenting a mass of entertainment and instruction not to be found in any one volume.

"THE CHILD'S EDUCATOR" may also be had in Monthly Parts, 6d. each,

LONDON: W. KENT & CO., PATERNOSTER ROW,
AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

COD LIVER OIL SUPERSEDED

BY

BARON SONVILLIE'S
A X T R A M A N K A Z,

[SECURED BY ROYAL LETTERS PATENT,]

AN AGREEABLE AND NUTRITIOUS FARINA, OPERATING AS AN
ANTIDOTE TO CONSUMPTION;

A Specific for Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious and Head Affec-
tions, and for all Cases of General Debility;

ALSO,

A HEALTH-PRESERVING & NOURISHING FOOD FOR CHILDREN.

The A X T R A M A N K A Z is a Farina of the purest quality, and can be administered in the most agreeable and pleasant forms of delicate and nutritious diet, at the same time that it retains all its medical and curative properties. It is demonstrated that it can accomplish all the objects for which Cod Liver Oil has become celebrated, and which have made it, in some respects, valuable, while it is free from those drawbacks which deteriorate from the excellence of the Oil. It can be administered with greater ease; it does not produce the nausea which the Oil is almost sure to create; and its use is not followed by those injurious retchings which generally result from the use of the Oil by persons of weak stomachs and delicate constitutions.

As an article of diet, the A X T R A M A N K A Z effectually repairs the necessary waste of the Human System, and thus imparts strength and vigour to every part.—By promoting healthy respiration, it presents a powerful check to that insidious and fatal disease, which seems indigenous to our country, namely CONSUMPTION. By its slightly laxative property it becomes a specific for Constipation; and though, in consequence of its mildness, it may not seem immediately to produce effect, yet by steady perseverance it will effectually relieve the most obstinate cases. The A X T R A M A N K A Z produces the desired effect without weakening or producing the least pain or irritation of the bowels; and by persevering in its use the bowels are restored to a regular and healthy state; thus it becomes also a specific for Indigestion, for Bilious Affections, for Pains and Dizziness in the Head, and for all cases of Nervousness and Debility.

The A X T R A M A N K A Z is strongly recommended also as a most superior Diet for Infants, and for Nursing Mothers; in Female Complaints and every species of Infantile Disorder it is invaluable.

TESTIMONIALS:

From JONATHAN PEREIRA, M.D., F.R.C.P., F.R.S., and L.D., Physician to the London Hospital, Professor of Materia Medica, Examiner of the London University, &c.

I have carefully examined the A x t r a M a n k a z, and find that it contains more pure nutritive material than any other farina I am acquainted with. I do not know of any food so likely to promote a healthy action of the stomach, bowels, and liver, as well as to counteract an inclination to consumption, from the amount of heat-forming principle it contains. In cases of general debility it cannot be too highly recommended.

JONATHAN PEREIRA, M.D.

From Dr. LETHBY.

I have, in accordance with your request, made a careful examination of the chemical and dietetical properties of the package of A x t r a M a n k a z which you sent to my laboratory on the 6th inst., and I find it consists of the flour of cereal and leguminous seeds, together with a large per centage of nitrogenous or flesh-forming matter, in the shape of gluten, legumin, and albumen, all of which give it a very high nutritive value. The experiments which I have made convince me that it is a

valuable compound, well suited for the use of *consumptive persons, invalids generally, and young children.*

H. LETHEBY, M.B.,

Professor of Chemistry and Toxicology in the Medical College of the London Hospital, and Chemical Referee to the Corporation of London.

College Laboratory, London Hospital,
April, 1855.

From ANDREW URE, M.D., F.R.S., *Professor of Chemistry, &c.*

Having submitted to careful examination, both microscopic and otherwise, a sample of the Axta Mankaz Vegetable Farina, I find it to supply a most wholesome, agreeable, and very nutritious food, containing those proximate alimentary elements which are requisite for the sustenance of the animal frame. This farina, moreover, possesses a slightly laxative quality; it may, therefore, be deemed a valuable article for the use of *dyspeptics, consumptive persons, and children.*

ANDREW URE, M.D., F.R.S.

London, 18, Upper Seymour-street, Portman-square.

From Dr. G. BIRD, *Assistant Physician to Guy's Hospital.*

I have prescribed the Axta Mankaz Farina very considerably with marked advantage. In *consumption* it is the best food I have ever tried; and in *dyspepsia* it is less prone to excite flatulence and distension of the stomach than any other farina I am acquainted with.

48, Russell-square.

GOLDING BIRD, M.D.

From Dr. TAYLOR, *Physician to the University College Hospital.*

Dr. Taylor has great confidence in recommending Baron Sonville's Farina in every case of *consumption, general debility, and dyspepsia.*

Where there is a tendency to the formation of gravel, which so often arises from the generation of acid in the stomach, I have found it the very best adjunct to medical treatment, as it neutralises the acid so abundantly formed in these cases. I am so convinced of its benefit, that I subjoin a case, which you are at liberty to publish, in which its effects are very marked.

Mrs. G., Oxford-street, consulted me in January last, complaining of great irritability of stomach, and a painful sense of distention after meals, with a sense of craving; that she was unable to abstain from taking food for two hours together. She had been under several physicians, and tried all kinds of food. I gave her no medicine, but confined her entirely to the Axta Mankaz, and in three months she was quite recovered.

82, Guildford-street, Russell-square.

From EDWARD CHALON, Esq., *late Surgeon in Algeria.*

I think the food that you call Axta Mankaz is very good indeed. In surgical cases, when a peculiar diet is required to sustain but not excite, it will do well. I think you are very happy in your discovery.

Extract of Letter from the late Dr. DORT, of Cobourg, Canadas.

The backwoodsman finds your diet nutritive and good without medicine: why should not your British subject derive benefit from the use of it? Go on and prosper, and if Englishmen care for a Yankee notion, you may tell them I insist upon it, little else than your Axta Mankaz is needed, besides judicious Hydropathic Applications, to conquer popular diseases. *Consumption* is a fearful malady, I grant you, and generally suffered to advance too far for cure; but your food will do good, gentlemen, in every stage of that great life-destroyer.

From Dr. ANTHONY TODD THOMPSON, *Physician to University College Hospital.*

The farina you recommend is the finest food for invalids and infants, as it never turns acid on the most delicate stomach. It is a mild *aperient*, and for which purpose I take nothing else when I require it. Make any use of my name you please.

From H. B. LILLIE, Esq., M.R.C.S.E., &c., *Surgeon to the General Dispensary, Kingsland Road.*

I find Baron Sonville's Axta Mankaz useful when other vaunted farinæ are worse than useless—in *dyspepsia*, hemorrhoids, bilious head-aches, renal affections,

all the varieties of abdominal disorders, consumption, female complaints, and last, though not least in importance, every species of infantile disorders. Nothing will answer so well for general use. It may appear indelicate, but the public health must not be sacrificed to over-weening modesty in a professional man. There are many diseases associated with pregnancy where the use of this food, and no other, would lead to astonishing results.

*Extract of a Letter from Dr. WALLER, of the East London Dispensary, late of Bengal
Author of "Constipation incurable by Medicine," &c.*

The importance of farinaceous food has never been sufficiently known or insisted upon. I solemnly declare that I believe the use of your admirable diet would, with the adoption of a few simple hygienic rules, banish the supposed necessity for medicaments altogether, in the treatment of persons of sedentary habits. Undoubtedly you are right, therefore, in dwelling on its good results, if perseveringly employed by the myriads of Londoners who are continually complaining of obstinate constipation. By the introduction of a long-sought substitute for cod liver oil you really confer a great benefit on the consumptive portion of the community. I find babes and children thrive admirably upon it; and no wonder—for, upon my word, in puddings, cakes, and infants' food it is truly delicious. I hope all classes will think of this diet, should choleraic symptoms ever again appear.

From D. GRIFFITHS JONES, M.D., F.R.C.S., M.R.C.S., Professor of Chemistry, Hon. Physician to the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, Red Lion-square; Editor of the "Journal of Health."

I recommend Baron Sonville's Axta Mankaz to all my patients, and use it largely in my own household, although I was not competent to account for its singularly beneficial effects until I had submitted it to chemical tests. The amount of carbon which it contains enables me to recommend it, without effort, in all cases of consumption, where that element is wanting, as an agreeable substitute for cod liver oil; while the quantity of sulphur, which I have not detected in any other dietary usually prescribed for invalids, accounts for its bland aperient qualities and great utility in cutaneous diseases. The caseine with which it abounds renders it a very desirable food for infants and invalids. My own child has thrived upon it from two months old.

14, Harrington Square.

D. GRIFFITHS JONES, M.D.

From Dr. HANNAY OSWIN, Physician to the Southampton Dispensary for Women and Children.

I have but one opinion as to the efficacy of the Axta Mankaz diet. In my extensive practice cases have not unfrequently occurred wherein a few general hygienic rules and the adoption of this admirable food have succeeded to a marvel. To specify the classes of disease to which it is more immediately appropriate is needless. It is but an act of kindness to recommend it in lieu of cod liver oil, in consumptive habits; and for affections of the liver, stomach, and bowels it cannot but prove invaluable. In treating the cases of infants and thin, delicate, nursing mothers I have found it of the greatest service, and indeed I make no apology for recommending the most liberal adoption of the Axta Mankaz.

CHARLES HANNAY OSWIN, M.D.

From Dr. JAMES SHEPPARD, of Plymouth.

I have given the farina a trial, and find it very good, indeed excellent, and I consider it highly nutritious.

*From ROBERT DAVIES, Esq., L.A.C. and M.R.C.S.E., Surgeon to the
Llanfair Union, Montgomeryshire.*

Axta Mankaz, as sold by Messrs. Gough and Co., is so far superior to any other kind of food, that I prefer it considerably to animal products. I have prescribed it in low fever cases, and for patients recovering from inflammatory diseases, with much more effect than beef-tea and jellies, which are generally recommended: it yields more nourishment in a smaller quantity, and at the same time does not distend the stomach and cause constipation, which is so great a curse that the profession have, for years past, given up all hopes of ever curing it. I cannot tell how the Axta Mankaz acts; but I must honestly confess that the use of it has quite

restored many of my patients to a regular habit of body, that nothing in the shape of drugs would effect.

ROBERT DAVIES.

* * The foregoing form part of upwards of 500 first-class Testimonials, all from Physicians and Surgeons of note.

My little boy suffered for two years with an eruption on the skin. I am happy to say that by taking the Axta Mankaz he has quite recovered.

New Ormond-street, Queen-square, London.

S. GIBBY.

I have used the Axta Mankaz since the birth of my two children (twins). As a mother I cannot sufficiently express the satisfaction that their health and appearance give me.

Kensal Green, July 23, 1855.

HARRIET BARTLETT.

Sold in Canisters at 1s. 6d., 4s. 3d., 8s., 15s., and 21s.

In places where there is no Agent as yet appointed the Axta Mankaz can be ordered through any Chemist or Druggist, or respectable Medicine Vendor.

WHOLESALE DEPOT, 80, FENCHURCH STREET, LONDON.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THOSE TOWNS WHERE NONE HAVE BEEN APPOINTED. APPLY AS ABOVE.

JOHN CASSELL'S COFFEES

Are acknowledged to be one of the greatest luxuries in connection with domestic economy. They possess that beautiful aromatic flavour which is to be found only in Mountain Plantation Growths. Coffees that combine strength and fine flavour are rarely attainable at any price. To meet the requirement of the age, and the public taste, JOHN CASSELL'S COFFEES are placed within the reach of every family throughout the United Kingdom. They combine all the qualities of a luxuriant article, namely, strength, mellowness, and aromatic flavour. To render them equal, in all these respects, to the Coffees so highly esteemed by the inhabitants of France and the Continent, a portion of fine Chicory is introduced, as without this really palatable and acceptable Coffee cannot be produced.

A TRIAL OF JOHN CASSELL'S COFFEES

Will prove that the high estimation in which they have so long been held proceeds from their decided superiority.

JOHN CASSELL'S COFFEES are made up in Canisters of One Pound and Half-pound, and in air-tight Packages of Four Ounces and Two Ounces, at the following prices:—

John Cassell's Coffee, No. 1, (Pink Wrapper) ...	1s. 0d. per lb.
John Cassell's Coffee, No. 2, (Blue Wrapper) ...	1s. 2d. "
John Cassell's Coffee, No. 3, (Lilac Wrapper) ...	1s. 4d. "
John Cassell's Coffee, No. 4, (Yellow Wrapper) ...	1s. 8d. "

FURTHER EXTENSION OF THE AGENCY FOR JOHN CASSELL'S COFFEES AND TEAS.

That not a family throughout the Kingdom may be prevented from obtaining these celebrated articles, JOHN CASSELL is prepared to appoint Agents in those Towns and Villages at present vacant.

For Terms of Agency apply to JOHN CASSELL, 80, Fenchurch-street, London.

THE
GREAT HEALTH-RESTORING MEDICINE,
ADAPTED FOR PERSONS OF ALL AGES.

THE
AMERICAN SUGAR-COATED PILLS.

SOLE PROPRIETORS,—W. LOCKING & SON.

THE AMERICAN SUGAR-COATED PILLS are prepared solely from the products of the botanical world, and are perfectly free from mercurial, antimonial, or any other mineral poison. They have proved one of the most powerful medicines ever discovered for purifying the blood, and for expelling from the human system all unhealthy obstructions and diseased conditions. And while they are efficacious to purify and renovate the whole animal economy, they are so mild in their operation, that a child may take them with safety and advantage, and even with pleasure. Families are thus provided with a medicine which, instead of exciting dislike, and producing nausea and retching, forms an agreeable and pleasant antidote to human suffering.

In all cases of Bilious Affections, Indigestion, Flatulency, Liver Complaints, Headaches, Asthma, Diseases of the Lungs, and Cutaneous Disorders, the efficacy of the AMERICAN SUGAR-COATED PILLS is most marvellous. A few doses speedily restore to health and vigour.

THE EFFICACY OF THE AMERICAN SUGAR-COATED PILLS
DEMONSTRATED BY FACTS.

SEVERE STOMACH COMPLAINT CURED.—MR. HENRY GLENDINNING, of Stoncroft, near Fourstones, N.B., suffered for many years from a *severe stomach complaint*. He tried nearly every medicine which professed to cure such complaint, but without effect. He determined to give the *American Sugar-coated Pills* a trial. After taking them for a short time, he was wonderfully restored to health. He has since recommended them to several persons in his neighbourhood affected with different complaints, and they have all been much benefited by their use.

CURE OF STOMACH DERANGEMENT.—JANE CONDIE, East Gallatown, by Kirkcaldy, laboured for some months under *great debility and derangement of the stomach*. She was treated by the doctors as for jaundice, but with no effect. Being induced to try the *American Sugar-coated Pills*, she took five, and afterwards four, which completely restored her to her usual health.

DISORDERED LIVER AND BILIOUS AFFECTION CURED.—MR. JOHN MANN, of Short Acre, Walsall, suffered for two years from bilious and liver complaint. He tried many proposed remedies without benefit. At length he tried the *Sugar-coated Pills*, which have completely cured him.

CURE OF INDIGESTION.—MR. W. PERKINS, Station-street, Walsall, was long afflicted with nervous debility and indigestion, attended with considerable derangement of the stomach, and often with excruciating pain. The whole of these disagreeable symptoms have been removed by the use of the *American Sugar-coated Pills*.

WONDERFUL CURE OF DROPSY.—SARAH DAVENPORT, Leaf-street, Hulme, was cured of *dropsy* of twelve months' standing by using the *Sugar-coated Pills*. She had been to various medical men for relief, but in vain. Her limbs were swollen to an enormous size, and she was unable to attend to her household concerns. On the advice of a friend she was induced to try the far-famed medicine; and, after having acted vigorously up to the directions, she was in a few weeks restored to health, with the exception of a slight weakness. She is now quite well.

THE AMERICAN SUGAR-COATED PILLS

Are sold in boxes at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. each, with full directions for use; and may be had in London of Messrs. Barclay and Co., Farringdon-street; Sutton and Co., Bow Churchyard; Edwards, St. Paul's Churchyard; Dietrichsen, Oxford-street; of one Agent in most towns throughout the kingdom; and of most respectable Medicine Vendors. Wholesale Depot: London, 80, Fenchurch-street.

CAUTION TO THE PUBLIC.

Her Majesty's Honourable Commissioners of Stamps have ordered the following inscription to be engraved on the Government Stamp:—"AMERICAN INDIAN SUGAR-COATED PILLS. W. LOCKING and Sons, Proprietors." Be careful to observe this, as without it none are genuine.

SPECIFIC FOR RHEUMATISM, &c.

A CERTAIN AND IMMEDIATE CURE FOR
Rheumatism, Toothache, Tic-douloureux, Neuralgia, Lumbago,
Growing Pains, Sprains, Swellings, &c.

TAYLOR'S SPECIFIC LINIMENT

HAS received the highest Testimonials from Clergymen, Missionaries, and others, as to its efficacy in effecting a perfect cure in the above-named and similar painful diseases. With each bottle of the Liniment full directions are given, which, when strictly followed, have never been known to fail of their object.

Sufferers from Rheumatism, Toothache, Neuralgia, Lumbago, &c., will do well to read the following important Testimonials, selected from a large number.

CURES OF TOOTHACHE AND RHEUMATISM.

To the Rev. W. Tasker, of Dr. Chalmers' Territorial Church, Edinburgh.

"170, Fountain's Bridge, July 8, 1856.

"REV. DEAR SIR,—I shall ever feel grateful to you for having turned our attention to the amazing efficacy of *Taylor's Specific Liniment*. You are aware that Mrs. Rollo has been a complete martyr to Toothache and Rheumatism in her head for at least six months; and although she had the best medical advice, and had recourse to almost every remedy prescribed, she could find no relief till you so kindly procured for her a bottle of the above Liniment; and, however incredible it may appear, I can assure you that, after three applications, a thorough cure was effected, without the slightest pain. We look on it as one of the greatest blessings ever conferred on our family.—Your obedient servant,

"ANDREW ROLLO."

"44, Gilmore Place, Edinburgh, July 9, 1856.

"I HEREBY certify that Mrs. Rollo, referred to in the preceding letter to me, was a severe sufferer from Rheumatic Toothache, &c., as I myself have witnessed; and that from an intimate knowledge of years, as a member of my church, I can certify that she, as well as her husband, are persons of unimpeachable character and integrity.

"W. TASKER."

From James Drummond, Esq., 118, Princes Street, Edinburgh.

"August 1, 1856.

SIR,—I feel myself in duty bound, for the sake of others, to inform you that your Liniment has completely cured Mrs. Drummond of a severe attack of *Toothache* instantly, and without giving the slightest pain. I may further mention that other two of our friends were also instantaneously cured from the same small bottle, and none of them have had the slightest symptom of a return. We feel confident that it must, ere long, become as universally adopted as a cure for toothache as it has already become for other rheumatic affections. Were every person to possess a small quantity, in order that it might be applied on the first attack, what a vast amount of suffering would be prevented, as I can state from experience, as well as from the testimony of others, that it seldom, if ever, fails to effect a thorough and permanent cure when properly applied.

"JAMES DRUMMOND."

From Charles Green, Esq., Grange Place, Edinburgh.

"8th June, 1854.

"I cannot speak too highly of the excellence of Taylor's *Specific Liniment*. Mrs. G. was seized in the spring with Rheumatism in one of its severest forms, which completely deprived her of sleep and rest, and threatened to set at defiance all medical treatment; but having been fortunately recommended to your Liniment, she was restored to perfect health after a few applications. We do not feel surprised to hear of the great demand that there is for it, as we feel assured that it only requires to be known to be generally adopted."

TAYLOR'S SPECIFIC LINIMENT is sold in Bottles at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. each, with full directions for use, and may be had in London of Messrs. Barclay and Co., Farringdon-street; Sutton and Co., Bow Churchyard; Edwards, St. Paul's Churchyard; Dietrichsen, Oxford-street; Rimes and Co., Edinburgh, York, and Liverpool; F. Fairgrieve, Druggist, Edinburgh; Duncan, Flockhart, and Co., North Bridge, Edinburgh; of one Agent in most towns throughout the kingdom; and of most respectable Medicine Vendors.

BABIES' BERCEAU-NETTES, TWO-AND-A-HALF GUINEAS.

**BABIES'
HOODS,
HALF-A-GUINEA.**



**BABIES'
CASHMERE
CLOAKS,
ONE GUINEA.**

BABIES' BASKETS, ONE GUINEA.

Valenciennes and Embroidered Frocks and Robes for Christening Presents; the same less expensive, for the Nursery. Baby-Linen, in complete sets, of varied qualities.

**ALL THE BEAUTIFUL MATERIALS USED IN THE BUSINESS,
SOLD BY THE YARD.**

MARRIAGE OUTFITS COMPLETE.

Everything necessary for the "Trousseau," as well as the inexpensive things required for the "India Voyage." White Dressing Gowns, One Guinea; Cotton Hosiery, 2s. 6d.; Ladies' Patent Corsets, 16s. 6d.; Real Balbriggan Hosiery.

This part of the Business under the management of **Mrs. TAYLOR.**

LADIES' RIDING TROUSERS,

CHAMOIS LEATHER, WITH BLACK FEET.

RIDING TALMAS, 1½ GUINEA.

Young Gentlemen's Superfine Cloth Jackets, 35s.; School ditto, 25s.; Young Gentlemen's Shirts, 5s. 6d. Naval Cadets' Outfits complete.

RIDING HABITS, 5½ to 8 GUINEAS.

**BLACK MERINO HABITS FOR LITTLE GIRLS,
TWO-AND-A-HALF GUINEAS.**

Everything of the superior excellence for which the House has been celebrated for Thirty Years.

53, BAKER STREET,

NEAR MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION.

W. G. TAYLOR, late HALLIDAY.

(sc)
PR4562
A1
1855
c.2
no.11

WILLIAM S. BURTON'S

GENERAL FURNISHING IRONMONGERY WAREHOUSE,

39, OXFORD STREET,

(CORNER OF NEWMAN STREET)

Nos. 1, 1a, 2, & 3, NEWMAN STREET; and 4, 5, & 6, PERRY'S PLACE,
LONDON.

BEDSTEADS, BEDDING, AND FURNITURE.

WILLIAM S. BURTON'S

Stock on show of Iron and Brass Bedsteads and Children's Cots stands unrivalled either for extent, beauty of design, or moderateness of prices. He also supplies Bedding and Bed-hangings of guaranteed quality and workmanship.

Common Iron Bedsteads, from 16s.; Portable Folding Bedsteads, from 12s. 6d.; Patent Iron Bedsteads, fitted with Dovetail Joints and Patent Sacking, from 17s.; and Cots from 20s. each. Handsome Ornamental Iron and Brass Bedsteads, in great variety, from £2 7s. 6d. to £15 15s.

A Half-Tester Patent Iron Bedstead, 3-ft. wide, with Bedding, &c., complete:

Bedstead	£1 4 6
Chintz furniture	0 17 0
Pailasse, wool mattress, bolster, and pillow	1 13 0
A pair of cotton sheets, three blankets, and a coloured counterpane	1 5 0
	<hr/> £4 19 6

A Double Bedstead, same..... £6 15 9

If without Half-Tester and Furniture:

Single bed, complete	£3 13 9
Double bed, complete.....	5 5 9

BATHS AND TOILETTE WARE.

WILLIAM S. BURTON

Has ONE LARGE SHOW-ROOM devoted exclusively to the DISPLAY OF BATHS AND TOILETTE WARE. The Stock of each is at once the largest, newest, and most varied ever submitted to the public, and marked at prices proportionate with those that have tended to make his establishment the most distinguished in this country. Portable Showers, 7s. 6d.; Pillar Showers, £3 to £5; Nursery, 15s. to 32s.; Sponging, 14s. to 32s.; Hip, 14s. to 31s. 6d. A large assortment of Gas Furnace, Hot and Cold Plunge, Vapour, and Camp Shower Baths. Toilette Ware in great variety, from 15s. 6d. to 45s. the set of three.

PAPIER MÂCHÉ AND IRON TEA-TRAYS.

An assortment of Tea-trays and Waiters wholly unprecedented, whether as to extent, variety, or novelty. New Oval Papier Mâché Trays, per Set of Three

from 20s. 0d. to 10 guineas.

Ditto, Iron ditto

from 13s. 0d. to 4 guineas.

Convex shape ditto..... from 7s. 6d.

Round and Gothic Waiters, Cake and Bread Baskets, equally low.

The late additions to these Extensive Premises (already by far the largest in Europe) are of such a character that the

ENTIRE OF EIGHT HOUSES

Is devoted to the display of the most Magnificent

STOCK OF GENERAL HOUSE IRONMONGERY,

(Including Cutlery, Nickel Silver, Plated Goods, Baths, Brushes, Turnery, Lamps, Gaseliers, Iron and Brass Bedsteads and Bedding,) so arranged in Sixteen Large Show Rooms, as to afford to parties furnishing facilities in the selection of goods that cannot be hoped for elsewhere.

Illustrated Catalogues sent post free.